

Graphic



VOL. XXIX Los Angeles, Cal., June 13, 1908. No. 2



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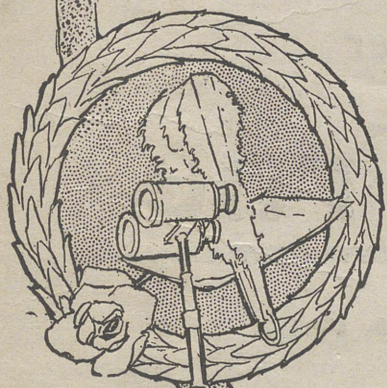
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PRICE 10 CENTS

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson - VII

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Mr. Johnson, after becoming President, made a desperate attempt to carry out just such a policy of reconstruction and rehabilitation as under the instructions of Mr. Lincoln he had successfully carried out in Tennessee. That State elected two United States senators and a full complement of congressmen, made Brownlow governor, and gave an overwhelming majority for Mr. Lincoln as President and Johnson for Vice-President quite five months before Lee's surrender at Appomatox. He was prevented from doing so by the radicals in Congress whose aim was to make territories out of seven of the seceding States and fill them with officials known as "carpet-baggers" in those days. Mr. Johnson came within one vote of being impeached for performing his duty according to the Constitution and the laws and by the advice of Secretaries Seward and Welles, of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and by nearly all the great generals of the Union army. He never lost faith in the people and always claimed, to the day of his death, that he would "be set right." "Time and history will set me right," were his exact words many times during his last days—which prompts me to present some extracts from the memoirs of Senator John Sherman, who devoted (twelve years ago) much space in setting old Andy right, although he (Sherman) had

voted for Johnson's impeachment. Nevertheless, looking back upon the years immediately following the war, this great Senator, who had nothing to lose by telling the truth, acknowledged that Johnson's views of reconstruction were substantially right. This remarkable admission is made in the sixteenth chapter of the first volume, page 359: "It was unfortunate that no measure had been provided before the close of the war defining the condition of the States lately in rebellion, securing the freedmen in their newborn rights, and restoring these States to their place in the Union. Therefore, during the long vacation from April to December (1865), the whole matter was left to Executive authority. If Lincoln had lived, his action would have been acquiesced in. It would have been liberal, based upon universal emancipation to negroes and pardon to rebels."

The author goes on to say (page 361) that President Johnson "did adopt substantially the plan proposed and acted upon by Mr. Lincoln. After this long lapse of time I am convinced that Mr. Johnson's scheme of reorganization was wise and judicious. It was unfortunate that it had not the sanction of Congress, and that events soon brought the President and Congress into hostilities. Who doubts that if there had been a law upon the statute books by which the people of the

Southern States could have been guided in their efforts to come back into the Union, they would have cheerfully followed it, although the conditions might have been harsh? In the absence of law, both Lincoln and Johnson did substantially right when they adopted a plan of their own and endeavored to carry it into execution. Johnson, before he was elected, and while acting Military Governor of Tennessee, executed the plan of Lincoln in that State, and subsequently adopted the same plan for the reorganization of the rebel States. In all these plans the central idea was that the States in insurrection were still States entitled to be treated as such."

Again, on pages 362-365: "When Mr. Johnson came into power he found the rebellion substantially subdued. His first act was to retain in his confidence and in his councils every member of the Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln, and, so far as we know, every measure adopted by him had the approval and sanction of that Cabinet. Every act passed by Congress with or without his assent upon every subject whatever connected with the reconstruction was fairly and fully executed. He adopted all the main features of the Wade-Davis bill, the only one passed by Congress. He extended the tax laws of the United States over the rebel

(Continued on page 4)

[illegible]

You see it in the paper

It's True

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Bartlett Music Co.

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South Broadway

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Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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Matters of Moment

An Era of "Reform."

This is pre-eminently an era of reform. Not to mention the national "reforms" instituted by the President, the Democratic "reforms" of Theodore Bell, and the Lincoln-Roosevelt League's "reform" of the Herrin wing of the Republicans of California, there are local "reforms" to fill in any otherwise unoccupied time, as for instance:

The police commissioners are "reforming" the all night restaurants.

City Prosecuting Attorney Woolwine is "reforming" the clubs.

Arthur Letts and E. T. Earl—the former a non-resident of Los Angeles and possibly not a citizen—are reforming the theaters.

Rev. William Ireland, besides aiding Brother Letts and Brother Earl in the above crusade is "reforming" the billiard room men.

Even the "Graphic" has some "reforms" in mind. One of these "reforms" is to compel the Los Angeles Pacific Railway to have a decent respect for the rights of citizens living west of Rosedale cemetery.

Another "reform" that we are "personally conducting" is a steady anti-billboard crusade.

There is a third "reform" which the "Graphic" would like to suggest; will suggest, if the wave of reform doesn't threaten to get too high for control. Now that the police board has undertaken to clean house, let the municipal artillery be directed against the palmists, clairvoyants, soothsayers, seers and miscellaneous frauds which prey on the community.

A directory of these gentry can be secured by reading the advertising columns of the "Times" of any Sunday. Business may be good, bad, or indifferent, seasons may change, the population may shift, the newspapers may claim the city as the chief seat of culture on the Pacific Coast—but these seers flourish under all conditions. San Francisco has long held the reputation of being the American Mecca of the fortune telling crew; but Los Angeles freely challenges the city by the bay for the Fortune

Telling Championship. Business must be rushing when such people can afford full column advertisements in the "Times."

Apparently the "psychic" who can make the most absurd statements and the one who can brag the loudest is the one who does the best. As a fair sample of what the average "psychic" thinks people will swallow read this announcement of "Prof." W. E. King—and if he gets any benefit from this advertisement he is welcome to it:

Some of the prophecies made by Prof. W. E. King and which were fulfilled to the letter and day were:

The explosion of the United States warship Bennington at San Diego, Cal. It was predicted that on that day the government would lose a ship on the Pacific.

Prof. W. E. King, psychic, had warned the public of San Francisco's earthquake of 1906 for years.

Prof. W. E. King predicted the Japanese-Russian war. The day of the month and the year was predicted on which hostilities would be begun and the victory of the Japanese.

Prof. W. E. King predicted the late President McKinley's assassination at the "Buffalo Exposition."

Prof. W. E. King predicted the assassination of Carter Harrison the elder, three weeks before the weak-minded Prendergast fired the fatal shot at Chicago's chief executive.

Prof. W. E. King predicted the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, W. I.; the earthquake in Chile; the Thaw-White tragedy; also predicted the Galveston flood. On January 17 two earthquake shocks were felt at Oban, Scotland. They had been predicted by W. E. King. Prof. W. E. King, Psychic, has foretold many great events that took place on the day set.

Prof. W. E. King is now located at 247 S. Hill st., where he will be pleased to meet his clients and many friends.

All Los Angeles Society is excited over Prof. W. E. King's predictions. His parlors are crowded daily.—London Mirror.

What puzzles the "Graphic" is that there has been no general exodus of the denizens of South Hill street, to places of safety. The mere presence of a marvelous prophet like "Prof." W. E. King says he is, should cause something akin to a social, moral and material revolution in the more or less busy "200 block" on South Hill street.

"The "Graphic" has unfortunately forgotten the name of the philosopher and close student of human nature who originat-

ed the saying: "A sucker is born every minute." In all seriousness, before the next vote is taken on the names of those to adorn Helen Gould's Hall of Fame in New York, the name of this man should be submitted to the jury of award. (He reached the acme of human acumen in uttering that aphorism.)

Good Roads and Billboards.

Governor Gillett in addressing the Good Roads convention at Stockton declared himself heartily in favor of an extensive system of State roads, for which he would recommend the issue of State bonds to an estimated amount of \$8,000,000. This really splendid project would cover 3,000 miles of roadway, and the estimated cost would be from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a mile. State Engineer Ellery's plan, endorsed with enthusiasm by the Governor, is to build macadam highways, thirty feet wide, from Redding to Los Angeles, also through the Sacramento Valley from Tehama to Vallejo, into the Santa Clara Valley by way of Niles, and to Oakland and San Jose, through the Salinas Valley, along the Coast to Humboldt and south to San Diego.

The Governor argues that the State is out of debt and is in excellent position to start such a project.

No country in the world would find a more valuable asset in good roads than California, and in no country are conditions more favorable for their construction. Each year the fame of California as the greatest of resorts and the fairest of lands is attracting greater armies of tourists and health seekers. Good roads are essential for their entertainment. The popularity of automobiling, and the certainty that as motor cars become improved and less costly their popularity will increase, are obvious reasons for the general interest in a matter too long neglected. Your automobilist is necessarily the most bitter enemy of bad roads and the most earnest advocate for their improvement.

Climatic conditions and the mildness of the elements, excepting those few localities

in the north subject to floods, make the building of good roads comparatively easy and their maintenance inexpensive. Moreover there is an abundance of crude oil, which has been demonstrated to be an invaluable factor in the making and preservation of the best boulevards and highways.

Every citizen of California should consider this great project with enthusiasm. Even in these days of steam and electric transit good roads are all important. Such a system as proposed by the Governor will increase the value of every piece of property in the State, for it will be a factor in increasing population and developing industries and resources. No man should be elected to the next Legislature without a pledge being exacted from him that he will do his utmost to forward the Gillett-Elbery plan.

It will be well, however, for the Legislature to take such steps as may effectually prevent the highways built by the State from being invaded by the ruthless enterprise of the billboard fiends. Doubtless the billboard magnates will at once conjure up a

vision of 3,000 miles of finely built and well traveled roads, thirty feet wide, as providing magnificent opportunities for their nefarious operations. Such dreams should be nipped in the bud.

It may require considerable ingenuity for the Legislature to circumvent the billboard infliction. Obviously the beauty and attraction of State highways will be spoiled, if they are lined by monstrous advertisements. But, obviously also, it is difficult to prevent thrifty land-owners and farmers from earning a few dollars by permitting billboard eyesores to cumber their property and destroy the landscape and charm of the State highways.

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors has just set an admirable example in the campaign to quench the ardor of the billboarders. An ordinance has been passed providing for a license tax of one cent to be levied each year for every square foot of advertising on billboards. The original ordinance called for a tax of two cents a foot, which was small enough.

All that is needed to put an effectual stop-

per on this pernicious business is a campaign of education. There is no law to prevent citizens from spoiling their property and annoying their neighbors by building hideous architectural monstrosities, but public taste is constantly being improved in this regard, and today many men, and certainly most women, insist that their homes shall not be perpetual eyesores. When public opinion is sufficiently aroused against the billboard nuisance, and the degradation of taste involved is realized, there will be such a revolt against the advertisers that use billboards that they will refuse to renew their contracts.

Advocates of good roads make common cause with enemies of billboards. State highways, desecrated by billboards, would not be "good roads."

No "Mincing."

"To those desiring an unbiased critical review of men and events the weekly 'Graphic' of Los Angeles is recommended. It delivers the goods in good shape, and no mincing."—Downey Dispatch.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—VII

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

territories. He enforced in every case ample protection to the freedmen of the Southern States. No complaint from them was ever brought to his knowledge in which he did not do full and substantial justice."

Has there ever been such a notable retraction? Here are the plain truths concerning the patriot who was so vindictively and infamously maligned and harassed and so brutally insulted by a lot of scheming politicians who saw little or no service upon fields of danger—many of whom had plotted against the immortal Lincoln from Sumter to Appomattox—that he came within one vote of being convicted on impeachment and was pointed at by political sycophants of press and pulpit as a traitor.

The great Ohio Senator is ready even with an answer to the principal objection to President Johnson's policy, namely, that he did not extend his proclamation to all the loyal men of the Southern States, including the colored as well as the white people, as follows: "In every one of the eleven States before the rebellion, the negro was, by its laws, excluded from the right to vote. In New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio that right was limited. In a large majority of the States, including the most populous, negro suffrage was prohibited."

It seems to Senator Sherman that it would have been a great stretch of power on the part of President Johnson, "by a simple mandatory proclamation or military order, to confer the franchise on a class of people who were then prohibited from voting, not only in the eleven Southern States, but in a majority of the Northern States. Such a provision, if it had been inserted, could not have been enforced, and, in the condition in which slavery left the negro race, it could hardly be defended."

Personally, Senator Sherman "cannot see any reason why, because a man is black, he should not vote," but not on that account is he blind to the strong prejudice which then existed among all classes of citizens against extending the suffrage to negroes, especially in the far South. Nor does he fail

to recall the fact that, even in the Wade-Davis bill, Congress "did not and would not make negro suffrage a part of its plan. Even so radical an anti-slavery man as my colleague, Senator Wade, would not propose such a measure. The effort was made in Congress to give emancipated negroes the right to vote, and it was abandoned. By that bill, the suffrage was conferred only upon white male loyal citizens. In the plan of President Johnson, he adopted in this respect the very same conditions for suffrage as those proposed by Congress." In fine, the great Republican Senator from Ohio did not hesitate to record his deliberate belief, which must have great weight with the future historian of the reconstruction period, that "all the acts and proclamations of President Johnson, before the meeting of Congress (December, 1865), were wise and expedient." Hon. Cornelius Cole, who was a United States Senator from California during the reconstruction period, has also written his memoirs and presents some thrilling chapters of that eventful period; and concerning his vote for impeachment of President Johnson the able ex-Senator gracefully says: "Six Republicans went with the Democrats for acquittal. I voted with the majority to sustain the accusations. Though among the more radical of my party, I so decided with no pleasure, and have since been glad that the trial turned out as it did." "Andrew Johnson was a man of kindly disposition, but eccentric, impulsive and obstinate." And from all sides the man who stood so bravely by the Union when all the other Southern Senators went with their seceding States, and who stood bravely by the Southern States after the war, as Mr. Lincoln would have stood; the author of the Homestead Law and during whose administration Alaska was acquired, is at last being "set right," and nobly so, by Professors Dunning and Fleming and other historians.

To make the spirit of the times still clearer to the new student of history it may be stated that an attempt to impeach Johnson

was made in 1866 and failed. In 1867 a bill was passed depriving him of the power to issue an amnesty proclamation, which he overrode. He was also deprived of the command of the army, which provoked many of those who did not desire Johnson's utter humiliation, and the Tenure of Office bill was then passed, which prevented the President from making a change in his cabinet or even in his own official household; and at last Johnson's hands were tied as firmly as a culprit's.

Then came the serious falling out between the President and his War Secretary, who had been discovered as chief among the plotters against the President. Matters had now assumed turbulent shape and went rapidly from bad to worse, until the great rupture made Feb. 21, 1868, when Johnson informed the Senate that he had removed Stanton from the office of Secretary of War. He had previously requested Stanton's resignation, which Stanton declined to give. When the Senate received the announcement of the removal of Stanton it resented the act as a violation of the Tenure of Office bill. The House took up the matter, and (as Mr. Blaine says, in his "Twenty Years of Congress") acted hastily. John Covode of Pennsylvania introduced a resolution to "impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors." The vote on the resolution stood: Yeas, 122; nays, 47; not voting, 17. Two members—Stevens and Bingham—were appointed by the Lower House to notify the Senate of what had been done, and seven members—Boutwell, Stevens, Bingham, J. F. Wilson, Logan, Julian, and Ward of New York were appointed to prepare the articles of impeachment to be presented to the Senate when it should become a high court of impeachment. February 26, five days after, the committee reported, and the report was adopted March 2, by a party vote. Those appointed to conduct the proceedings in behalf of the House were: Bingham, Boutwell, Wilson, Butler, Thomas, Williams, Logan, Thaddeus Stevens. No one appeared

from the House in the President's defense. The counsel of the President were Attorney-General Stanberry, who had resigned his office in order to defend his chief; B. R. Curtis, who at one time had been on the Supreme Bench; William M. Evarts, William S. Groesbeck, and T. A. R. Nelson of Tennessee, who had been an intimate friend of Johnson when the latter was Military Governor of Tennessee. The trial began Monday, March 30, 1868. The vote was taken May 11.

Says Mr. Blaine in his "Twenty Years of Congress": "The transfer of the entire House to the floor of the Senate, the galleries crowded with citizens from all parts of the republic, the presence of all the foreign Ministers in the diplomatic gallery, eagerly watching the possible and peaceful deposition of a sovereign ruler, the large attendance of the representatives of the press—all attested the profound impression which the trial had made and the intense anxiety with which its conclusion was awaited.

"By an order of the Senate the first vote was taken on the last article, which was a summary of many of the charges set forth at greater length in some of the preceding articles of impeachment. Upon the call of his name, each Senator was required to rise and answer 'guilty' or 'not guilty.' The roll was called in breathless suspense, with hundreds of tally-papers in the hands of eager observers on the floor and in the gallery, noting each response as given. The result, announced at once by the Chief Justice, showed that thirty-five Senators had declared the President 'guilty,' and nineteen had declared 'not guilty.' As conviction required two-thirds the impeachment on the eleventh article failed. A debate then arose on a proposition to rescind the resolution in regard to the order in which the vote should be taken upon the other articles of impeachment, but without reaching a conclusion the Senate as a court of impeachment adjourned on motion of Mr. Cameron of Pennsylvania until Tuesday, the 26th of May.

"During the intervening period of fifteen days the air was filled with rumors that the result would be different when the Senate should come to vote on the remaining articles. A single senator changing against the President would give 36 for conviction and only 18 for acquittal. This would be fatal to the President, as it would give the two-thirds necessary for conviction. But it was not so ordained. When the Senate reassembled on the 26th the vote was taken on the second article and then upon the third, with precisely the same result as was previously reached on the eleventh article. When Mr. Ross of Kansas answered 'not guilty' there was an audible sensation of relief on the part of some, and of surprise on the part of others, showing quite plainly that rumor had been busy with his name as that of the Senator who was expected to change his position. Satisfied that further voting was useless, the Senate abandoned the remaining articles, and as a Court of Impeachment adjourned sine die."

By the Way

OBSCURIA.

Raw and roaming, through the gloaming,
O'er Elysian fields above,
With the shimmer and the glimmer
Of eternalizing love;
Fraught the mind with its upheaving,
Dumb the will with seamless might,
Numb the fancy dead with grieving,
Thoughtless soul, with darkness dight.
Listen to the sheep-bell's tinkle
Through the meadow loud and clear,
Where the shepherd lad doth sprinkle
Blades of grass with mugs of beer.
Catacombs and cold convulsions,
Kisses burning brimstone bright,
Agonizing, dank emulsions,
Through the stillness of the night—
Fogs and earthquakes, lightning, thirsting,
Roars, and rocks, and wrecks unheard;
Bubbles, baggles, boilers bursting.
Of the future not a word.
Gruesome scorpions, fearsome, tragic,
Dance infernal bacchanals;
Maledictions, hoemorrhagic,
Such is life, my rorty pals!

G.L.W.

Federal Officers and Politics.

Those whom General Otis delights to call "the Old Guard" in the Republican party of California will be delighted at the re-election of General George A. Stone as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. The "Luncheon Leaguers," by which name the Rowell-Earl-Pardee reformers are known in the North, will be as pained as the "Times" is pleased. It is probable that the Leaguers will promptly turn their batteries upon General Stone. The General holds a Federal position. He is receiver in the United States Land Office in San Francisco. The Leaguers will object that General Stone's Federal position should disqualify him from taking so active a part in State politics. The old cry of "pernicious activity" will be raised. But judging from past experiences, the protests will be politely acknowledged and carefully filed, never to be heard of again. General Stone's services to the Republican party—he has been chairman of the State Central Committee for the last eight years—have been so valuable that the Administration in Washington will not be anxious to disturb him. Several years ago United States Marshal Leo Youngworth was to be "pickled" on account of his activity

in a local election. Marshall Stinson made out a strong case against the Federal officer, and forwarded his specifications to Washington. Presumably they are still there!

Our Senator's Smart Clothes.

It will surprise many of his friends to know that Frank P. Flint is considered the best dressed man in the Senate. That he is one of the handsomest none could doubt, but that he had won this sartorial distinction is in the nature of news. It is not yet four years ago that "Ned" Hamilton of the San Francisco "Examiner" found the gravest objection to Frank Flint as senatorial timber because he "wore his hat on the back of his head." A few years' experience at Washington, however, has taught the Senator not only how to wear his hat but to wear only the glossiest of silk tiles. Moreover, and of more importance, Frank Flint's head will never grow too large for his hat. But to return to the Senator's reputation in the matter of clothes. The Washington "Herald" is authority for saying: "Senator Flint of California might without great exaggeration be called the dude of the Senate. He is easily the best-dressed Senator, not because his clothes are any finer in quality than those of some of his colleagues, but because they fit him better and are more correctly cut to the mode. The Senator's frock coat is particularly fascinating from the point of view of the expert sartorialist. It is easily the most 'correct' in the Senate, and there are some very modish dressers in 'the American House of Lords.'" Now the vital question of really vital importance is: Are Senator Flint's clothes a "home product"? Was that famous frock coat cut in Los Angeles: and, if so, who is his tailor?

Hold-Up.

It may not be generally known, but the people who have bought homes in a large section of the northern district of the city, in part of the Eagle Rock valley and in parts of Garvanza, are subject to a hold-up of the most unique sort. The hold-up has been practiced in several instances. The story goes back to an old-time land deal, in which

the late J. De Barth Shorb figured. Many years ago he sold a tract of about twenty thousand acres of land in the district mentioned, but specifically reserved every and any mineral rights, with the right to go on the property in question and make explorations. Years have elapsed, and in the meantime much of the twenty thousand-acre tract has been subdivided and sold. But the mineral right remains. A short time ago two energetic schemers went to the Shorb heirs and secured a deed to their rights on certain improved lands in the tract. Immediately an oil rig was hauled to the scene of action, and several householders in succession found the oil crew taking possession of their lawns. Rights which the schemers had bought for five and ten dollars a lot became salable for anywhere from one hundred to five hundred dollars. Then the Shorb heirs learned to what use these rights were being put, and shut down on the hold-up men. I am told that the estate of the late Dr. J. De Barth Shorb, son of the pioneer J. De Barth Shorb, is selling these mineral rights to householders at a nominal figure. At the same time it is only fair to say that these titles to mineral rights held by the Shorbs are good.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Is there anything to him but his clothes?

Injustice.

No doubt the members of the board of supervisors thought they were doing "good politics" when they agreed to pass an ordinance closing billiard rooms in unincorporated towns on Sunday. That was a fine play to make for the benefit of the long hair element—and this is a political year. But the closing of billiard rooms on Sunday is a mistake; and men can be in far worse business than playing billiards and pool. I know of one case where the ordinance is productive of rank injustice. Down at The Palms there is a man, a cripple, who conducts

a billiard room on lines that even a Sunday School superintendent cannot object to. This man draws his trade from the farmers and farm hands in the neighborhood. These people work all week and go to The Palms to enjoy themselves in a sane and rational manner on Sunday. By what right does the board of supervisors virtually deprive this man of a chance to make a living in a decent and orderly fashion? By what right are the farmers in that vicinity deprived of a little amusement? The board of supervisors was "buffaloed" into passing this ordinance by the volubility of petticoated agitators. Have others no chance to be heard?

Germain.

The Sunday "Herald" contains an article, "Horticulture is Mainstay of Southland," by Eugene Germain, which should be republished in pamphlet form and given general distribution. Mr. Germain did not confine himself by any means to a consideration of horticulture, but branched into floriculture as well. He gave an interesting description of the best known wild flowers of this section and then considered in the broadest sense the importance of horticulture in the south. In a general way most readers know that horticulture is the backbone of the industries relying upon the cultivation of the land. Mr. Germain demonstrates this with a conciseness and thoroughness that the general reader will appreciate. I heartily advise everyone to get last Sunday's "Herald" and read what he has to say.

On the Road.

While Mrs. Fiske appears at the Belasco theater, the regular company will be on the road, playing in San Diego and in Riverside. "The Girl of the Golden West," with Florence Smythe as the "Girl," will be the attraction in both cities. The Isis has been engaged for the San Diego performance. Orchestra and scenery go along. No orchestra is necessary for an Ibsen performance. A sledge hammer and the floor serve all purposes.

New Leading Lady.

I understand that the Belasco management is going to be in no hurry to engage a new leading lady. Mrs. Fiske will have her engagement. Then comes an interval

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

Carbons—Platinotypes—Etchings

Awarded Eighteen Medals

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements

Heckel

Studio and Art Gallery 336½ South Broadway

Special exhibition of Oils now on view

of a week. Then Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon come from the Alcazar theater of San Francisco and will stay for a month or more. That will bring the theater well into the middle of August and by that time a new leading lady can be selected.

Hold-ups.

The "Times" has two hold-ups on the public, each of which is worked once a year and each of which should be suppressed. Just now the summer hold-up has been started. It takes the guise of the "annual scholarship contest." That there may be no mistake about this, be it known that the first step in this scholarship contest is to send advertising solicitors to the various schools for these scholarships, paying for them in advertising. The scholarships thus cost the "Times" nothing. The paper then enlists boys and girls all over this end of the state, who work like beavers for what has cost the "Times" practically nothing. These children turn into the paper a good many thousand dollars in ready money for subscriptions paid in advance. (It is a beautiful scheme to get small children to work for nothing and perform labor for which men and women should be paid.) The second of these hold-ups is the so-called "midwinter number," which is an advertising job, pure and simple, and I will warrant does not bring to the advertiser three cents on the dollar in returns.

Three Eminent.

San Diego boasts three "Assistant Street Superintendents," the like of which, in prominence, wealth and ability, no city in America can duplicate. These "Assistant Street Superintendents" are John D. Spreckels, E. W. Scripps and A. G. Spalding, who have accepted the duties of superintending the construction of eighty miles of boulevard within the city limits. All three of the men are well qualified, and each of them is sufficiently independent to be above consideration of "pull." Mr. Spreckels, as everyone knows, is the eldest son of Claus Spreckels, and is the "Duke of San Diego." What he does not own in that vicinity belongs to Scripps and Spalding. E. W. Scripps is the brains of the Scripps papers throughout the United States. He owns fifty-one per cent. of the stock of all of these papers, including the Los Angeles "Record," and he is said to buy more white paper than W. R. Hearst. A. G. Spalding has had one of the most remarkable business careers of any man in the United States. He was pitcher for the famous Chicago White Stockings of 1876, and as a pitcher he had no equal in the country. After leaving baseball professionally, he opened the sporting-goods house of A. G. Spalding & Bro., which has no equal in the United States, either in the amount of capital invested, or in the variety of goods carried. Mr. Spalding spends all of his leisure time at Point Loma, having erected a quaint bungalow on the grounds owned by the Point Loma educational institution. I am told that the contractors of San Diego entered fierce objections to having three men of this caliber supervise their work, but the taxpayers of that city can depend upon it that they will get their money's worth. A. G. Spalding will hold the contractors to the strict letter of the law, and E. W. Scripps, who has built some forty or fifty miles of boulevards

in San Diego county with his own capital, will probably scare the contractors to death. Spreckels is a man of few words, but is a hard citizen to get the better of in any transaction.

For Annandale Golfers.

Members of the Annandale Golf Club, which is one of the finest club-houses and the most picturesque links in the country, are rejoicing over the fact that the Pacific Electric Railway Company is now laying rails from the Church of the Angels at Garvanza to the club-house. The club will celebrate the consummation of this much desired improvement and facility with appropriate merry-making. President W. F. Knight is issuing invitations for a reception in honor of the event. For over a year members of the club have looked and longed for the extension, and on Mr. Huntington's return from the East, he promptly undertook to make good his promise. No more will the ardent golfer have to "foot it" up the hill from the beautiful Church of the Angels or wait upon the vicarious service of a "bus." The Pacific Electric cars will now land members at the door of the club-house, and this substantial improvement should do much to make the Annandale Club more popular than ever with Los Angeles golfers.

Brusie.

The arrest of Judson C. Brusie, secretary of the State Board of Railway Commissioners, politician, playwright and formerly San Francisco agent of the Metropolitan Surety Company, was one of the surprises of the week. It is charged by D. A. MacBeth, attorney of the Metropolitan Surety Company that Brusie is short some \$8,400 in his accounts. On the other hand Brusie says that the Surety Company owes him \$1,500, and the amount in dispute does not exceed \$500. Brusie makes a statement which leads me to believe he thinks the Surety Company is using the police departments of San Francisco and Los Angeles as a collection agency; and it is significant that MacBeth, in an interview given to the "Examiner," said: "I



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understand that he has been successful with his play, 'Lonesome Tom.' I have been told that he has many influential friends, and that they will make the shortage good."

Collection Agency.

These statements coming from both sides are pregnant with possibilities. Some months ago, when Walter Hoff Seeley was arrested at the instance of Dick Ferris, the actor, for alleged discrepancy of his accounts, I raised my voice in protest against the use of police authorities to force collection of accounts. I said then that the chances were largely against Seeley's ever being brought to trial for his alleged offense, and my prediction came true because the charges against Seeley were dismissed. I said then, and say now that if there was anything at the bottom of the accusations against Seeley, the matter should have been brought to an issue. Without knowing anything whatever about the merits of the case involving Brusie, I am willing to hazard the prediction that if Brusie and MacBeth straighten out this matter, there will be no prosecution.

Wrong.

To permit any one to use the criminal law as a club is contrary to the spirit of the law. If Judson C. Brusie has committed any offense at all, it is against the law of California, and not against the Metropolitan Surety Company. Corporations and individuals are becoming entirely too free with their criminal charges, depending upon a later settlement with the accused party to square all matters. They proceed upon the theory that the aggrieved persons are the individuals and corporations making the charges. In fact, the party aggrieved is the State of California, whenever a criminal charge is made, and all the mixing and fixing which is so frequently done in criminal cases of this sort, is wholly without the law, and should be without the sanction of the officers of the law.

Death.

These paragraphs were written prior to the death of Mr. Brusie, so that the settlement of any trouble between him and the Surety Company is now only a matter between his heirs and the company in the civil courts. Up to the time of his death Brusie was more worried for fear the truth about his physical condition from abuse of liquor would come out, than by any fear that the Surety Company could accomplish anything by having preferred criminal charges against him. There is a lesson and a moral in the life of Brusie; it is that any man who lets any habit get the better of him has a day of reckoning.

Dr. Howard's Departure.

It is with deep regret that the many friends and admirers of Dr. Burt Estes Howard have learned of his resignation from the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church. Dr. Howard is to leave Los Angeles next September to take the chair of political science, a new department added to the curriculum of Stanford University. What is distinctly Stanford's gain is also Los Angeles's loss. It is not too much to say that there has not been a greater factor in the intellectual and spiritual life of Los Angeles during the last four years than that found in Dr. Howard's

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ministration. Churchmen of the breadth of vision and liberality of thought which distinguish Dr. Howard are few and far between. A deep scholar and an eloquent preacher, Dr. Howard has drawn many men and women to religious worship, who otherwise would shun a church. The dogmata of other churches, dry, dreary and discouraging, were only conspicuous by their absence in Dr. Howard's discourse. And yet the essentials of the Christian life and of the highest spiritual teaching were never overlooked but eloquently urged.

His New Field.

Burt Estes Howard's name is well known in the field of political science and economics. His volume on the German empire is recognized as the most authoritative work extant on the subject. Dr. Howard will be warmly welcomed back to Stanford, where he is no stranger. On his resignation some ten years ago from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, after a historic controversy, he was appointed a lecturer at Stanford University in the department of economics. Subsequently he spent several years at Harvard and the German universities perfecting himself in the study of political science and economy, and winning the degree of doctor of philosophy in the University of Berlin. Today his eminence as an authority in political science is unquestioned. The addition of this department to the Stanford curriculum is a progressive sign. There is a higher "politics" than that of the boss and the "ward heeler," and perhaps its study by the coming generation may be of avail in undermining the maneuvers and evil accomplishments of "professional politicians."

Advertising Pirates.

The tricks of illegitimate advertising agents are many and varied, and their in-

genuity is stupendous. One of the most impudent enterprises I have come across lately is that of the Harry Ankel Advertising Company of San Francisco, and I commend their practical methods to the attention of the magazines concerned. The enterprising Mr. Ankel conducts what he calls the "Hotel Interleafing Magazine Service." Mr. Ankel's total outlay each month appears to be in purchasing a number of popular magazines, such as "Everybody's," "McClure's," "The Cosmopolitan," "Munsey's," "The Red Book," and "Sunset." He puts an additional cover of local advertising over the magazine and also interleaves its contents with the advertisements procured by himself for his own sole benefit. It is inconceivable that the magazines with which the Harry Ankel Advertising Company takes such liberties are cognizant of this enterprise and remain complacent thereto. The circulation of the Ankel appropriated magazines is confined to the parlors and reading rooms of San Francisco hotels. There surely must be some legal way of restraining Mr. Ankel from such calm appropriation of other people's rights and property.

Another "Graphic."

The latest enterprise of Mr. Ankel or some thrifty imitator affects the "Graphic" to some extent, and advertisers in San Francisco are hereby warned against this peculiar brand of industry. A handsomely bound volume in red morocco with gilt lettering may be found today in some of the San Francisco hotels. It is labeled "The Graphic." The volume consists of several issues of the London "Graphic," nearly a year old. Every page in the volume is interleaved with the advertisements of San Francisco merchants, but there is not a line in the volume to indicate who is responsible for this remarkable piece of more than doubtful enter-

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The ne plus ultra confectionery.
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There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

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Chicago and back	72.50
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As to the dates—June 3, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16 and 22 to 28, also dates in July and August.

Ask us and we will plan your trip.

E. W. McGEE,
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prise. If any merchant in San Francisco has responded to the importunities of a solicitor in the belief that he was giving an advertisement to the "Graphic" of Los Angeles, he will do us a favor by at once communicating with this office.

The Anti-Club Campaign.

City Prosecutor Woolwine in his campaign against liquor selling in the clubs is at least providing a subject of interest to be discussed all summer. And already some humorous incidents and suggestions have enlivened the crusade. My good friend, Frederick Stevenson, president of the University Club, who himself never drinks anything stronger than a cup of coffee or the mildest "toddy," the principal part of which is sugar, has fearful visions of making a night in June hideous by ornamenting the patrol wagon. The Jonathan Club, I hear, is installing a system of safety-deposit boxes, and it is understood that this move is not in competition with the banks but that in the horrible event of the abolition of the bar the tin boxes may prove convenient refuges for "case goods." Mr. James Cuzner of the California Club, who would be loth to retire without a "hot Scotch" on a cold night, or a "nip of ale" on a warm one, has solemnly brought suit to enjoin his club from selling liquor on the premises. In Mr. Cuzner's complaint his attorneys lament that the sale of liquor within the club precincts "injures the property" by making the members liable to fine and other penalties, and that the practice is in violation of the ordinance so solemnly and so foolishly passed by the city fathers last January. Of course, this is "a friendly suit," but it is not without its humors. As yet the only sad thing about this childish agitation, which would be a tempest in a teapot if it were not for the alcohol concerned, is that City Prosecutor Woolwine has felt it his duty to resign from the University Club's board of directors. But it was expedient, if not necessary. City Prosecutor Woolwine could not very well prosecute Club Director Woolwine.

Fearful Contingencies.

The campaign however has its serious aspect in that it supplies one more evidence of the determination on the part of our friends, the Universal Regulators, to make the city of Los Angeles ridiculous. When these unco' guid have gained complete control of this city, they can crown St. Tobias lord of all, the Rev. Mr. Ireland may be appointed chief of police, and then they can have the city to themselves. Los Angeles will certainly be a desirable place to live in when men are forced to live according to the Earl pattern and Ireland dictation. From the invasion of the club it is only a step to the invasion of the home. By every theory of foundation and purpose the club is its members' home. Within its private precincts the member has the same liberty and the same privilege as in his own home. It can be no more constitutional to impose police regulations upon a man's conduct in his club than in his own home. But if the Universal Regulators have their own sweet way, they may soon be prescribing a ritual of family prayers to be used in every household before breakfast; they may forbid a man to shave himself on Sunday; may invoke a penalty for whistling on the Lord's Day, and may, in fact, determine what he

shall eat and drink and what he shall put on. These things and worse have been done in past ages. Individual liberty is hateful to the Universal Regulators. Some of them hate it because they themselves cannot be have except under the severest restraint. Forced to deprive themselves of the exercise of free will they wish to see everyone else as chained and fettered as themselves. It is time to give the Universal Regulators short shrift unless we are willing to abandon Los Angeles to their tender mercies.

Mrs. Judd.

Nothing is more curious in human nature than the ideas which will sometimes develop in the minds of men and women in middle life. In witness whereof I cite the case of Mrs. Ida Benfy Judd, who expects "to devote her life to following the creeds of the ancient philosophers, and proving to this and future generations the real principles of proper existence." According to a telegram which the "Examiner" carries these principles are "to love—as Plato loved: to live—after the economy of Epictetus: to think—along the scientific lines of Socrates: to seek spiritual solace—in the teachings of Dante." Mrs. Judd explains her method of keeping alive until June 8, 2038, by following this program: "Moderation—learning how to breathe, living on the diet of the classics—fruit, wheat, nuts and rose leaves. Is that not a divine diet? I advise nothing. I am but the mouthpiece of the dead philosophers. My ego is subsidized while I voice their sentiments. I call that work my oriflamme, and shall live one hundred yeears to accomplish it."

After Twenty Years.

The mention of the name of Mrs. Ida Benfy Judd calls to mind a clever reader and entertainer who came to San Francisco some twenty years ago and who was then Miss Ida Benfy. She was under the especial patronage of Mrs. Strickland, a daughter of the late Arpad Haraszthy and niece of Mme. Hancock of Los Angeles. Witty and bright, she possessed all those delicate piquant arts that go to make a charming woman. Miss Benfy was about the last person in the world one would expect to join a hundred and thirty year club. She is well known among the high-brows of the East, and numbers among her close friends John Burroughs, the naturalist, Felix Adler, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. She may deserve the title of The Modern Hypatia which they have conferred upon her; and in any event her metamorphosis is astounding.

Prevalence of Libel Suits.

There was a time when the San Francisco newspapers were bound by a solemn agree-

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ment not to print a line concerning any libel action brought against any member of their association. But, perhaps because the spirit of warfare is now too bitterly intense between the San Francisco papers, and perhaps, also, because libel suits are becoming of such constant occurrence, the newspapers no longer demonstrate such shrinking modesty. The San Francisco "Bulletin" has so many libel suits against it, and is kept so busy dodging them, that it is almost impossible to keep track of them. That very "hot-stuff" detective, William J. Burns, has now commenced criminal action against M. H. De Young of the "Chronicle," and the irrepressible Francis J. Heney has frequently threatened from the public platform that as soon as he can find the time he will prosecute every newspaper in California, daily and weekly, that has dared to take his name in vain or—in other words—has told the truth about him. "Tobasco" Burns does not appear to be likely to get much satisfaction from the "Chronicle." That paper published the text of an affidavit of one Charles P. Snell, who under oath narrated the more than peculiar methods of Burns in working up the government's land frauds case against Dr. Perrin. The Arizona capitalist was indicted and convicted mainly on Snell's testimony. If there is a shadow of truth in Snell's affidavit, Detective Burns will find himself in an exceedingly awkward and precarious position.

Lee.

The story of the financial embarrassment of Rev. Baker P. Lee, the rector of Christ Church, was assiduously peddled about the newspaper offices before a single newspaper was found with the bad taste to publish the

matter. Boiled down to the marrow, the truth is that Rev. Baker P. Lee came here in debt and struggled until his difficulties became too heavy. There was an adjustment; Mr. Lee agreed to reduce expenses to a figure that is absolute penury for one who must meet the social obligations necessary for one in his position. A goodly portion of his earnings were devoted to liquidating his debts. This arrangement was made months ago. Everything was running smoothly when one paper was discovered sufficiently heartless to reveal the difficulties with which Mr. Lee was confronted. Mr. Lee had done all that any man could do—he had made a settlement and was paying his debts in full. What more could have been asked of any man so situated—whether minister, lawyer or business man? There was a reason for the publication of Mr. Lee's troubles. Publicity came because one man who calls himself a Christian did an exceedingly un-Christian act in wanting to get even.

Good Defense.

In truth there is an exceedingly good defense for Mr. Lee. Like most ministers he has about as clear a notion of business affairs—of income and outgo—as a Chinaman has of Choctaw. In many years' experience in a sinful world I never met but one minister who is a good business man; his name is Coulter—Rev. B. F. Coulter. The vast majority of men of the cloth are helpless in the sordid affairs of dollars and cents, and to Mr. Lee's lack of financial ability must be added another consideration.

Social Calls.

The vestrymen or by whatever name the powers that be at Christ Church are called, are to blame in paying such a small salary to Mr. Lee. The financial drain on the resources of any man who keeps his end up as rector of Christ Church, are exceedingly heavy. Mr. Lee did not have a salary of \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year; but nevertheless he had to "keep his end up." Unlike his predecessor, Rev. Dr. Dowling, he is not independently wealthy. The rector of Christ Church cannot live in a second rate neighborhood; he must maintain an establishment in keeping with the social pace set by the leaders in that parish; last year's suit of clothes will not do and his wife and family must be as presentable as those of his most wealthy and fashionable parishioners. This is all aside from the heavy calls made on his purse from various sources incident to his work. Nonsense, you say? Not a bit of it. The church authorities did not realize that Mr. Lee's purse was not as long as Dr. Dowling's; he was paid a salary wholly inadequate to what was expected of him—direct or implied.

Cheer Up.

I haven't met Mr. Lee for some months; but seize this opportunity to tell him to cheer up. He is not the only man in town who has financial troubles. I know several men who are putting up a brave front whose bank balance is written in red ink; men who are not disturbed because others have confidence that they will pull out of their troubles. Mr. Lee has met his creditors like a man, arranged to pay them in full like a man. His action on realizing the depth of water he was in, is commendable. As much

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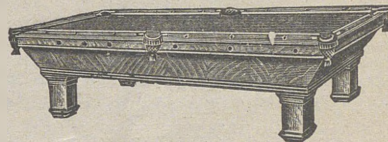
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This Bank is prepared to make loans on Real Estate security, including BUILDING LOANS at reasonable rates of interest. No commission.

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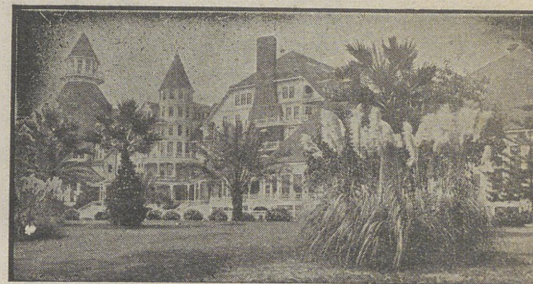
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Business Men's Lunch Served in Grill Room
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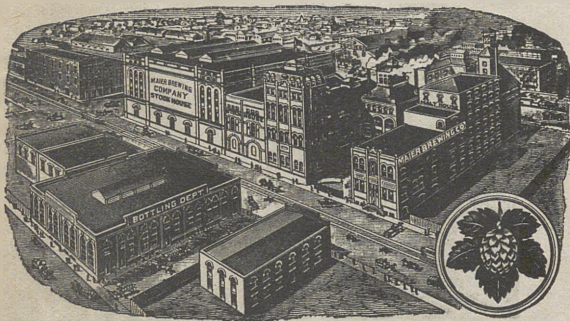
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cannot be said for the individual who hawked the story about; or for the newspaper that for a sensation of an hour's duration would become a party to procedure that might have ruined a weaker man than Baker P. Lee.

Heney Logic.

Mr. Francis J. Heney constantly deplores the inefficiency of the courts and expresses his contempt for the results obtained therein and their decisions. Among other of Mr. Heney's delusions he evidently believes that his own opinion is infinitely superior to that of Chief Justice Beatty, and of course he does not hesitate to say so. Such colossal self-conceit may be some consolation to Mr. Francis J. Heney, for he would have to travel far to find anybody beside himself to prefer Heney's exposition of the law to that of the chief justice. Does Mr. Heney imagine that he is strengthening the arm of the law and the judicial power by his diatribes against those courts which in the line of their duty have been forced to lay bare Mr. Heney's ignorance and bungling in his profession? In Judge Lawlor's court in San Francisco the prosecutor took upon himself to arraign bitterly Chief Justice Beatty. "Well, I once heard Judge Beatty argue to beat the band," shouted Heney, "that he is unprejudiced and therefore able to pass on anything regardless of what he may have heard about it. If he can do that, I can't see why Tom, Dick and Harry can't do it. It doesn't make any difference just because he is Chief Justice." Surely a fine sample of the Heney logic and of the respect he owes to judicial authority! There are many things Mr. Heney "can't see." Chief among them is the fact that he perpetually makes a monumental ass of himself.

Arndt's Suicide.

Any clergyman of any church or sect will tell you that suicide is never justifiable; that the act of self-destruction is a crime; that no matter what the attendant circumstances, no man or woman has any right to take the life which was given him by the higher Power. Yet when a suicide such as that of George W. Arndt, the secretary of the Chamber of Mines, is discussed by men who are neither church members nor church goers, it is remarkable how many seek to justify Arndt's act.

A. Consumptive.

Briefly told, Arndt, who had operated in

the mines in South Africa and in Arizona, was a consumptive. Six months ago, fearing that he might communicate the disease to his wife and six-year-old child, he voluntarily separated himself from them, refusing to live in the same apartments. Realizing that his condition was growing worse instead of better, as he had hoped, he deliberately shot himself. No man could have had more consideration for his loved ones than Arndt, in refusing to subject them to the chance of being stricken with tuberculosis. (The marvel of it is that instead of shooting himself, a man who had reasoned as closely about his condition as he, did not elect to try the open air cure instead of resorting to the revolver.) Men in far worse condition than he ever was have gone to the desert and lived for years in the open air, apparently making a complete recovery.

Another Suicide.

When I read the details of Arndt's end, memory brought back the case of a teller in the German Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco, who shot himself some years ago. This man, who was married to a woman a trifle older than he was, attended her faithfully through the long and horrible siege that goes before death from cancer. A few minutes after his wife died he went into an adjoining room and killed himself. On his body was a letter giving minutely the state of his business affairs—he had some property—and saying that he realized that his wife was certain to die, and that he could not live without her. The letter was dated about a year before he ended his life. All of his affairs were settled to the last detail. For a year he had gone about his daily work unconcernedly, although he was under a self-imposed sentence of death.

Insane?

People will say that any person who attempts suicide or commits suicide is insane. Was this man insane? Was George Arndt insane?

Greater Los Angeles.

Mayor Harper's Greater Los Angeles Club has struck a responsive chord. Mayor Harper wants the club—

First. To help in dredging San Pedro Harbor.

Second. To give aid and comfort to a municipally owned railroad to San Pedro.

Third. To urge the early completion of the Owens River conduit.

Fourth. To promote the consolidation of the city and county of Los Angeles.

Fifth. To promote manufacturing enterprises.

All of which is good and to the point. The Mayor's Club, as far as published, reads like a list of one hundred prominent citizens.

Infinitely Touching.

There are circumstances which make the ineffectual struggle which Alice Treat Hunt made against pneumonia infinitely touching. Because she was "The Girl" in "The Girl of the Golden West" scores of thousands of people who saw that play during its phenomenal run at the Belasco felt a close personal interest in the plucky woman's battle for life. Alice Treat Hunt had everything to live for. At the age of twenty-six years she had achieved success in her profession. She was happily married; she had



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a six months old son who was the apple of her eye; she had a career ahead of her that looked bright. All that human aid could render to save her was done, and she herself resisted the progress of this disease with all the power of a strong will. A week ago she was told that medical resources had been exhausted, and that it was all up to her. She shouldered the burden and lived a week longer than the history of such cases usually allows.

Tennis.

The Country Club of Venice announces that the second annual tournament will be held on the courts of the club July 1 to July 4, inclusive. The events will be gentlemen's doubles, ladies' doubles, junior singles, gentlemen's singles, ladies' singles, mixed doubles and consolation singles. The tournament committee consists of H. Lee Blackmore, chairman, J. W. Lawrence, Junior, and Abbot Kinney. The tennis dance will be given at the pavilion at the Venice Pier on Tuesday evening, June 30, under the management of the club.

Carlson.

William H. Carlson is one of those peculiarly constituted men who can be depended upon to alight on their feet right side up with care whatever befalls them. If Mr. Carlson were required to clean a sewer, he would not only do it but would appear ten minutes afterward the personification of cleanliness, clad in a \$100 suit of clothes and wearing an urbane smile of content.

Developments.

When the Carlson bank, the Consolidated, was closed, no one was surprised. If real estate had held up, the Carlson bank would not have gone into the hands of the State bank commission; the depositors would not be wondering where they are at and the "Examiner" wouldn't have had a chance to tell to the extent of a column or more, all about the efforts of various trades people

to attach something at the Carlson residence on Budlong avenue.

Coming.

When this is written Carlson was still en route from the East, and had sent his telegram from Albuquerque, saying that he would take hold on the 15th inst., and would care for the depositors. Knowing something of Carlson's ability to handle himself to advantage when in a tight corner, I am curious to see what he will do.

The Tip Evil.

Beggar (to prosperous-looking citizen): Please, sir, will you give me a nickel to get a bite to eat?

P. L. C.: I just saw a man give you a dime.

Beggar: That will go as a tip to the waiter, sir.

Free Delivery.

At this writing it seems that the free city mail delivery will be extended to the citizens of Alhambra. A petition was circulated and signed by a majority of the leading citizens which was duly forwarded on to the Postmaster-General at Washington. It is expected that the Postal Department will grant the request. This will place Alhambra on the same delivery basis as that now enjoyed by Hollywood and South Pasadena. Postmaster Flint states that he can easily handle this additional business with an increase of two or three carriers as the large delivery system in vogue is in ball-bearing order. The present Alhambra postmaster is Dr. F. B. Elwood, who as well is the leading druggist and practicing physician. Dr. Elwood is the type of man who does not stand in the road of the popular demand of the people for his pecuniary benefit but readily acquiesces if in any way the progress of Alhambra is enhanced. Dr. Elwood has long been a resident of Alhambra and is known as one of "the old guard" in political affairs affecting his city, being a substantial property owner and enjoying a lucrative practice, built up on the lines of efficient and intelligent professional integrity.

Lighting Rate.

The citizens of Alhambra are signing a petition to the electric lighting company to reduce their rate to a figure to correspond with that enjoyed by other suburbs. At this time a 15 cent rate applies but probably the lighting company will grant the reasonable request.

Walking Again.

Once again relegated to the old way of perambulation, "Shank's horse"—that is, on foot—P. J. Devlin was seen late on Sunday evening last wending his way through the dust in the vicinity of the Old Mission San Gabriel. With him was a party of ladies and gentlemen who likewise were forced to choose this mode of travel. To judge from appearances a street car looked pretty good to them. It all came about in this way: Ever since the close of the racing season P. J. has been giving his coterie of friends one continual performance of out-of-door pleasure in swiftly wheeling them about the surrounding country in his French touring car, much to their delight, but from all indications the chapter is closed as reports have it



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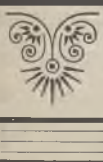
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that there is but little left but a mass of wreckage. Just how it happened has not been told; however P. J. says something about the spark plug, carbureter, gasoline tank and divers other things not comprehended by the laity unfamiliar with the intricate mechanism of an automobile. The re-opening of Santa Anita Park will anxiously be awaited by this good son from Erin's Isle when more than likely he will be seen scanning the bookie's slates for another 100 to 1 shot or better to buy another speedster.

One of the very choice musical selections of Chautauqua program will be a delightful chamber concert given by the most classical quartette of musicians in California to-

day. It will consist of Mr. Harry Clifford Lott, baritone, Mr. Arnold Krauss, violinist, Mr. Ludwig Opid, violoncello, and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, pianist. During the last few years Mrs. Lott's work has contributed largely to a healthy growth of the taste for good music in Los Angeles, especially in the line of chamber music. Of Mr. Krauss it may be said that he graduated from the national conservatory of music of Roumania, receiving the first prize. He was subsequently a pupil of the greatest European masters, and after serving in the famous symphony orchestra of Paris, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago, came to Los Angeles and organized the Krauss String Quartette of which he is the director. It

will interest many to know that he possesses a Stradivarius Cremona violin of the year 1690. Ludwik Opid came from a family of artists and musicians of the ancient capital of Poland and studied at the Conservatory of Warsaw. He is today the first 'cellist of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.

At a political meeting lately in Atlanta, Georgia, a man named Anderson said: "I shall cast my vote for Mr. Bryan in the election of 1908, and again in 1912 should he again be a candidate." To which the "Graphic" would reply: "Don't give yourself any uneasiness, old man, on the latter point—he will again be a candidate in 1912."

Shall Maine Stay Dry?

(FROM THE NEW YORK SUN)

Bangor, Me., June 6.—The liquor question has again come up in Maine. It is perhaps the chief issue in the contest now in progress for the Republican nomination for Governor.

The convention meets on June 30. The canvass has been in progress since midwinter, as between two of the candidates, William T. Haines of Waterville and Bert M. Fernald of West Poland. The third candidate, Frederick E. Boothby of Portland, did not formally announce his candidacy until April. Mr. Haines and Mr. Fernald are both wealthy. Mr. Boothby is the general passenger and ticket agent of the Maine Central Railroad. It is admitted that any of these men would be a good Governor.

For fifty years and more Maine has been trying to legislate the saloon and drunkenness out of existence. Prohibition probably has kept the saloon out of many small towns, and at times has forced the liquor business to cover in the cities and larger towns; yet it is asserted by opponents of prohibition that the operation of the law has in most cases affected not the quantity of liquor sold, but the quality of it, and the conditions attending its sale.

In Bangor, for example, where since August last a numerous squad of the special Sturgis enforcement deputies have been operating, there is a great abundance of all kinds of liquors, and police statistics show that drunkenness has increased. In the year ended March 31 there were 2381 arrests for drunkenness in this city of perhaps 28,000 inhabitants.

In place of the open saloon there now flourish the club, the fake drug store, and the kitchen bar—these last being very nu-

merous. The total number of places in Bangor where liquor of some kind is sold is estimated at from 150 to 225.

There are several drug stores whose stock consists chiefly of cheap blended whisky, much of it sold by the bottle and at extravagant prices. In the clubs, of which there are several, almost any kind of liquor, malt or spirituous, can be had by those holding membership cards, and the cards are not at all difficult to obtain. One club, commonly known as "the battleship," is protected by a heavy oaken door, sheathed with boiler iron, which in case of a raid will resist the battering rams of the raiders long enough to enable the men in charge to spill or remove to a safe place the stock on hand.

In the old days when everything was wide open, the average saloon keeper was in no danger of getting rich quickly, but since the effort at enforcement began, the proprietor of one of the clubs, who had been earning \$15 a week selling cigars, has cleared between \$20,000 and \$30,000. The club has a steady run of the best trade, and sells inexpensive liquors at an advance of from 50 to 100 per cent. over the regular rates. (Most of the hotels sell liquor on the quiet, and there are so-called lunchrooms where drinks may be had at any hour of the day or night.)

Kitchen bars flourish in many parts of town, especially in Ward 1, where are congregated the woodsmen's boarding houses, the Russians, Hebrews, Poles, Italians and Syrians. Most of them dispense a cheap beer or whisky, which is a decoction of alcohol, prune juice and brown sugar. All have the reputation of making whisky while you wait, and the effects of their industry are

seen in scores of men who are taken to the police station in a condition more resembling insanity than drunkenness. In one of these dens in Hancock street, one night, the policemen found fifty men drinking.

One of the woodsmen's hotels has become famous for a subterranean bar known as the "bull pen." The proprietor in order to accommodate the rush of business when the throngs of woodsmen came to town this spring, fitted up the cellar of the house with a rough bar, built a "deacon seat" of planks around the sides of the apartment, and padded the floor with sawdust six inches deep to deaden the sounds of conflict. All entrances to this place were protected with heavy doors, and it was hard for any but bona fide customers to get in.

It is said that as many as seventy-five men have been seen drinking in the "bull pen" at one time, and that while the woodsmen were here in great numbers many a fight occurred. The proprietor of the place was arraigned at the February term of court on two search and seizure cases, and instead of being sent to jail, was fined \$550 in each case—a total of \$1,100. It was remarked that this was a heavy fine, whereupon another liquor dealer observed that it was nothing, that the owner could make it up in two or three good Saturday nights.

Such in brief is the condition of things in Bangor today with respect to the liquor traffic—plenty of cheap liquors sold at high prices in a more or less secret way. "Where are the officers?" it will be asked. Well, so far as the sheriff and his deputies are concerned, they have simply stood by and watched proceedings since the Sturgis depu-

ties were sent here in August, 1907. They feel that this invasion of their field of action, or inaction, is an affront to them, and they have left the enforcement of the liquor law entirely to the Sturgis men, the city police making no liquor raids except upon specific complaint of disorderly places.

And what have the Sturgis men done? At first, in the summer of 1907, they made many raids, and seized large quantities of liquors, forcing the traffic to rather more secrecy than had been observed before their coming. During the early winter there were occasional raids, but toward spring the activity of the Sturgis force dwindled, and now very little is heard of them, although they are still here, their numbers varying from five to fourteen day by day, drawing each \$3 a day and expenses.

Now these are facts, and yet they will be disputed by many persons. Denial of the facts has always been a characteristic of discussions in Maine on the subject of liquor law enforcement. Many good and well-meaning men and women devoted to statutory means of promoting total abstinence refuse to believe that prohibition is not a success. They have no personal knowledge of how things are going, and are inclined to regard those who tell unpleasant truths as enemies of the law.

Then there are those who defend prohibition for purely political reasons, a great many who are indifferent in the matter, and are satisfied to let matters drift along as they are going, and those who declare that the law is all right, but that the officials are for the most part faithless. (There is no doubt that Maine could be made very dry under the prohibitory law were it possible to get officers who would make intelligent, honest and energetic efforts to enforce it, and if the courts would in every case impose jail sentences. This is the difficulty that always has handicapped the law and probably always will prevent its full application.)

On this issue the Republican party in Maine is divided. There has for some years been a demand for the resubmission to popular vote of the Fifth Amendment to the State Constitution, by which prohibition of the manufacture or sale of liquor became a part of the organic law of Maine. The Democrats are practically a unit in demanding resubmission; while the Republicans are divided, and upon this question more than on that of tax reform, depends the party's choice of a candidate.

Early in his campaign Mr. Haines declared himself in favor of resubmission. Mr. Fernald has declared himself opposed to resubmission. Upon one side or the other are arrayed individuals, clubs, societies, churches, business men, educators, Sunday schools, newspapers, politicians, every interest and influence that exists in Maine. The churches and conferences and Sunday schools have passed resolutions supporting Mr. Fernald's position, likewise the temperance clubs and most of the professional temperance agitators, although recently one prominent woman prohibitionist has declared in favor of Mr. Haines.

The arguments for and against resubmission can be briefly stated. Those who favor resubmission say that in the first place it is twenty-five years since the people have had an opportunity of expressing themselves upon the subject, and that in that time conditions have changed, and views may also have changed. Many or most of the supporters of the proposition, including Mr. Haines himself, say that they believe in prohibition, and that they are confident that the people would reaffirm their adherence to the principle, thus establishing the law more firmly than ever as a part of Maine's political and moral creed, and by taking the question out of politics for a long term of years would make possible and probable better enforcement of the law.

Opponents of resubmission declare that it is but a device of the enemies of the law to break down the constitutional barrier that now protects it from constant assaults in the Legislature, and that the present agitation is merely the first step toward license, inspired by liquor dealers and selfish politicians.

A peculiar thing about all this discussion is that it would matter very little which candidate was chosen as Governor, so far as the settlement of this question is concerned. It would require a two-thirds vote of the Legislature to get the question of sustaining or repealing the Fifth Amendment before the people, and so the only means of accomplishing the referendum is to elect at least 101 of the 151 members of the House of Representatives, and 21 of the 31 members of the Senate favorable to the project.

Mr. Boothby, the third candidate, merely observes that it is the Legislature that makes and unmakes laws—that the Governor is the executive, and that if elected he would execute all of the laws to the best of his ability.

Those seeking reforms he commends to the Legislature.

At present 675 delegates have been elected out of 1,323 who are entitled to seats in the convention, and of these 675, Fernald has 361. Haines 159, Boothby 44, and 111 are uninstructed.

As for the Democrats, their candidate is already decided upon, although the State convention will not be held until July 15, in Bangor. The Democracy has settled upon Obadiah Gardner of Rockland, who for ten years was master of the State Grange, as their standard bearer in the gubernatorial campaign, and it is admitted on all sides that he will make a strong fight.

He is a temperance man, as he says, by principle and by habit, but he declared at the Fourth District convention that he was not afraid to submit to the people for their decision any question of public policy whenever there seems to be any great demand for it.

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This display will be most appreciated by those who take pride in the daintiness of the dining table. Those who enjoy artistic decorative pieces about the home and by those who realize the skilled workmanship necessary to secure Pickard effects.

You are cordially invited to inspect this display, whether you come as a critic or a purchaser.

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We have just placed in stock many casks of the finest American Cut Glass, which we have recently purchased of leading cutters at very favorable prices. We also have received from the factory a new lot of the

"CALIFORNIA" ART CUT GLASS, which is being cut to order under the personal supervision of Mr. Sommans, right here in California.

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Deborah's Diary

MY PRAYER.

Not in my vain assumption or my pride, but in my woe and weakness do I pray,
Just as the mendicant of Nazareth, just as a pilgrim weary of the way.

Give to me, Lord, the gladsome day of Faith. Hopeless am I when lost in Doubt's black night.
Ever my aimless hands outstretched for aid, ever my being yearning for the Light.

There is a Light, I know. I saw its glow lighting the calm, sweet faces of my dead;
Gone were the lines of care and grief and woe; wondrous, the peace of Death shone in their stead.

There is a Soul, I know. For deep within faints it for sustenance to bear its cross.
Body is but a husk that hides the spark burning divinely midst the flesh's dross.

Just as a beggar will I humbly wait. Grant to my wistful eyes the power of sight;
Teach me the creed of Love and Faith—not Fear.
Lead me to find the glory of the Light.

CARRIE REYNOLDS.

June, the month of brides and roses and sweet girl graduates, has been ushered in with a whirl of gayety. The social pond has had few ripples during the last few months, but what with the weddings and the showers and the commencement preparations at the fashionable schools—there has been an unusual stir. Showers for the blushing brides, class parties, luncheons and dances for the girls, and rehearsals of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Singleton Court have served to pass the time.

Recent arrivals of Angelenos at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Newmark, Master Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. Burt Harmon, Miss Hensel.

Wednesday night the wedding of Miss Marion Churchill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Churchill of South Figueroa street, to Mr. David McCartney, united two of the oldest families of the city. The ceremony, which took place at the First Presbyterian Church, was perfect in its appointments. The quaint interior of the church lent itself beautifully to the decoration of feathery ferns and Bermuda lilies. Miss Churchill was attired in an empire gown of white satin, and wore a long tulle veil. Her sister, Miss Gertrude Churchill, acted as maid-of-honor and wore white chiffon over yellow satin. The bridesmaids were attired in yellow satin, and included Miss Barnetta Norton, Miss Lily Olshausen, Miss Elsie Knecht and Miss Fanny Rowan. The brother of the groom, Mr. Fred McCartney, returned from the University of Virginia to act as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Augustus Jackson, Cornelius Pendleton, Jr., Owen Pickerell, Fred Rowan, Robert Fulton and Pierpont Davis.

For the reception at the Ebell Club house four hundred invitations were issued. Here also the appointments were in yellow and white, the decorations for the tables being especially effective.

Mr. and Mrs. McCartney will spend five



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For those of

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months in Europe before occupying the beautiful home which they are erecting.

Another wedding of especial note Wednesday

day evening was that of Miss Rita Levis of Visalia and Mr. Marco H. Hellman, at the Hotel Alexandria. Mr. Hellman is well known in Los Angeles, not only through his ability as a banker, but through his personal worth. Miss Levis has been elaborately entertained for several weeks, and last week Mr. Hellman's friends made merry at a bachelor supper given him at the Hotel Alexandria.

Only the intimate friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony, which was performed by Rabbi S. Hecht of Temple B'nai B'rith. Mr. Hellman was attended by Irving H. Hellman, and the bridesmaids were Miss Amy Hellman, Miss Florence Marx, Miss Amy Kahn and Miss Jessica Epstein. After a wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Hellman will occupy apartments at the Hotel Alexandria.

B. R. Baumgardt started Thursday for another trip through the European cities, intending to "furbish up" for his coming season of lectures, and to take any number

of original photographs. The slides which he uses in his lectures have excited much favorable comment, and are painted by his charming wife.

A novel form of society entertainment which promises to be one of the unique functions of the season is entitled "Ye Hat Sale, and Steaming Tea," to be held at the home of Mrs. D. E. Spangler of Manhattan Place, and arranged by Mrs. W. Jenkins, formerly Miss Nell Groff of Redondo. Three hundred invitations are already out for the jolly afternoon, and most of the gay young belles will assist in receiving, pouring and the trying on of millinery.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell and Miss Marjorie Welsh have left for an automobile trip through the Yosemite and northern points of interest.

(If you keep your face clean, "really clean," you will never have wrinkles or black-heads.) You can do it by using Anna

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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Lavender reigns supreme in the world of mannish fashion nowadays. At the men's furnishing department of the good Boston Store I enjoyed a most instructive and entertaining quarter of an hour. Lavender neckties, negligee shirts, socks and braces were there in abundance. You know the Boston Store's manly department is quite one of the loveliest and most up-to-date tailor shops on the Coast. I saw the loveliest golf doings in all the latest fashions, soft pongee and India silk negligee shirts for golf and tennis—and oh, my child, the waistcoats! There's where the "man thing" can satisfy his love of style and get in a little change once in a while in his wardrobe; and, my dear girl, you never saw such a varied display of woolen and wash waistcoats as they have at this moment in the Boston Store.

Myer Siegel's, 251 South Broadway, was the particular resort for the little ones, or their parents, a special price reduced sale going on for the little "tots" and for the "misses" and young—or small—ladies. For the angelic imps of two or three years, I saw some of the most cunning suits of Buster Brown and Russian patterns; in white pique, duck or linen, the prices now so ridiculously low as to make home sewing—like many other domestic virtues—absolutely superfluous. For a dollar and a quarter up to five, you can get the daintiest patterns for girl or boy at Siegel's, all ready to put on, and well made too, and reduced to a third off the regular price. In the girls and misses' suits I saw some dear little jumper dresses in gingham, linen and batiste, cut away down from the original price. This is the chance now, to replenish the ever-weakening wardrobe of our "living ballads."

At Blackstones' swell establishment I had to go off and see what was doing in the lingerie gown department. I found many wire ladies smiling pinkly from their new

gowns of heavy English linen, tailored in effect and very good form. This crash linen, ornamented in cretonne, with heavy big buttons to match, makes the most effective and dashing toilettes imaginable; some beautiful imported linen suits in the new cerise, lavender, and apricot shade, heavily braided or embroidered I saw at almost one half the original price. Then again, I saw some delightful suits in different wash materials for as low as twelve and fifteen dollars. I can assure you from experience, dear girl, that one of Blackstones' linen suits have no wear out to them, and just at present you can get a beauty there in white linen, all trimmed with baby Irish lace for a very acceptable bargain price. No house in town, as I've assured you before has any better stock of wash suits than Blackstones.

The Ville de Paris is the place to deck out the latest arrival in Babyville. You can't find a better baby department on the coast than at this stately store. Fine, hand-embroidered gowns and little frocks, dainty wee pieces, coats and jackets, booties and flannels, baby baskets and long clothes are all to be found here, and in a delightful variety both as to price and style. Little walking coats and gingham frocks for the bigger children are also to be found at the

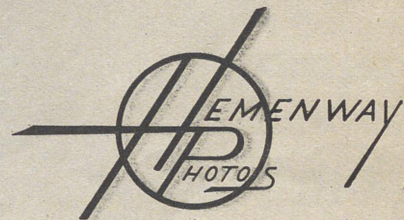
Ville de Paris in greatest profusion. I saw some charming little striped and white serge coats, silk lined, for a four or five-year-old, as low as five dollars a garment, but the fascinating thing was to watch a young mother pick out a complete layette. She said she meant to get a complete layette for twenty-five dollars, and you can't imagine what a dainty selection she managed for that modest sum.

"Nothing doing" in the millinery world, but perhaps I'll be able to give you a peep into some new glories next week.

Always yours,

LUCILLE.

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346 South Broadway

On the Stage and Off

The death of Alice Treat Hunt last Monday, after a plucky fight of many days against pneumonia, cast a gloom over theatrical circles. Although she had been in Los Angeles only a few weeks, Miss Hunt had won many friends, both personally and professionally. She stepped into immediate popularity with her winsome characterization of "The Girl," and the long, record-breaking run of the play was largely due to her efforts. Miss Hunt, who was in private life the wife of Lester Lonergan, left a little son, William Treat Lonergan, who will be taken to the mother's relatives in Ohio.

The Belasco company is fortunate in possessing so capable an actress as Florence Smythe. She has proved her worth several times in the past, but never so brilliantly as during the last few weeks. First came her feat of mastering the exceptionally long part of "The Girl" in a few hours; since then she has stepped into the leading lady's shoes, and filled them most acceptably.

Before many weeks we are promised a production of the new Morosco-Bachman drama, "The Society Pilot." The scenario of the play promises well, and if as great a success awaits the latest Morosco effort as attended

his others, we may look for a rival to the Belasco record.

Robert Mantell in Shakespeare has held the boards of the Mason Opera House for the whole week, and, as is common in such cases, has not attracted one-third the attention due him. Every performance has been of rare artistic worth, meriting crowded houses. Owing to the uncommon length of King Lear, some parts have necessarily been sacrificed to bring it within the conventional time. Mantell presented the version of William Winter, which was adopted and used by Edwin Booth. Mr. Mantell impersonated King Lear in a powerful and scholarly manner. The delineation was most admirable; self being completely obliterated by an absolute and perfect immersion into the character.

His portrayal of the King, who falls from perfect physical vigor, though old, to a senile creature of broken spirit, whose piteous grief and blighted hopes are extraordinary in their subtle changes with the occasional spark of realization which returns to the mind, was very vivid. Possibly no more difficult part could be taken to test a man's powers as an actor, and it is safe to say that no actor has ever excelled Mr. Mantell's rendering of this part. He was abso-

lutely natural and devoid of that excessive stagy expression both of movement and of intonation which, at times, so marred Henry Irving's otherwise masterful portrayal, especially his movement. For the very difficult expression of blank verse and a fine distinct enunciation, euphonious, flowing expression united with sincere naturalness which bespeaks unusual talents embellished by careful and perfect training, we have one surpassingly fine. His action was superb and masterful, neither overdrawn nor strained, but always in the fullness of its demand, every nerve brought to action with marvelous alacrity and control. He also had the unusual quality of blending and toning his work to harmonize with the other characters, an extremely rare quality in any actor. His support could neither be termed great nor yet indifferent. Mr. Gordon Burby, who took the part of the Earl of Kent, deserves great credit for his excellent, and at times, difficult work. He proved sincere and earnest, and one who has considerable powers that have been well trained; action and expression remarkably good, with a fine clear enunciation and a good powerful voice. Mr. Guy Lindsley, who took the part of the fool, was also very good in the rendering of that difficult role, which he gave with consummate skill and naiveté. Miss Lorraine Frost was too self-conscious to render her part as Cordelia with that sincerity and subtle beauty and charm that it demanded, though her death scene was good. Miss Lillian Kingsbury and Miss Mary Wannary, who portrayed Goneril and Regan the King's daughters, were very good throughout their parts. The piece was wonderfully well staged, with fine scenery and good costumes. The rendering of the storm scene was exceptionally good and realistic, giving grandeur and strength to the part. It is seldom that one has the pleasure to witness a performance so well and correctly carried out in all its appointments.

That Clyde Fitch is a clever and versatile writer is not to be denied. When one recalls the wonderfully large number of plays he has written, adapted, and translated, one is willing to hail him as a great writer. But it is evident that Mr. Fitch does not take himself seriously, and doubtless he is hugely amused at those who do. In "The Truth," produced here a week or two ago, Fitch presented a problem of heredity almost Ibsen-like in its solution. In "The Girl and the Judge," played at the Belasco this week, he makes fun of Ibsen, and laughs at heredity. The effect of this inconsistency is apt to instill a certain mistrust of the Fitchian principles.

As far as possible the Belasco company combats this facetiousness on the part of the author—hampered though it is by its loss of the last week. Miss Smythe is forced to become lachrymose too often for the comfort of the audience; but she weeps in a most fetching fashion, and in her lighter moments plays with a sparkle that is delightful. Once again Joseph Galbraith proves that he can forget his identity and relegate Self to the background. It is a becoming departure and makes his Judge clean cut and forceful. Try it again, Mr. Galbraith.



WILL CRESSY, AT THE ORPHEUM

This drama calls for an unusual number of elderly women characterizations, and they are all admirably handled. Fanchon Everhart is a winning Mrs. Chartris, and Eleanor Carey is effective in the depressing role of Mrs. Stanton. Jessie Norman flashes forth again in a capital character part as Mrs. Ikenstein, with a make-up that is difficult to penetrate. Unfortunately Carrie Clark Ward falls into the pit of burlesque, and caricatures a part that would be far funnier if played seriously.

Harry Glazier, Charles Ruggles and Richard Vivian contribute excellent bits, and Master Peter Clancy strengthens the good opinion of his abilities by his portrayal of the incorrigible Ikey.

The Burbank company wanders far afield this week, into the realms of farce. "The Wrong Mr. Wright" is worthy the name farce when condensed into one swiftly-moving act. Drawn out to three it becomes

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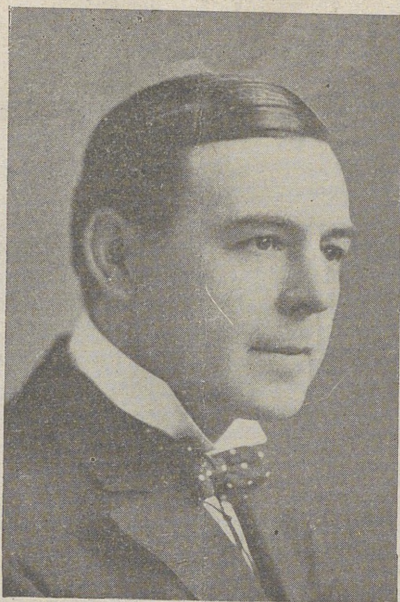
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HENRY MILLER

In "The Great Divide," at the Mason

wearisome at times, although every sally is greeted with a laugh. Byron Beaseley as Seymour Sites, alias Mr. Wright, the cause of all the trouble, is a hugely enjoyable joke from his first appearance on the stage until he gathers diminutive Blanche Hall into his arms and the wrong Mr. Wright becomes the right Mr. Sites. One shudders to think how deadly dull the play would be, however, without Beaseley's all-illuminating presence. Blanche Hall as "the lady detective" is chiefly remarkable this week for two most unbecoming gowns worn in the second and third acts. Harry Mestayer plays one of the juvenile parts for which he professes a fondness, and Henry Stockbridge does a song and dance and plays "Buttons" for the nonce. Winsome Elsie Esmond captures all the honors among the feminine portion of the cast—unless Louise Royce's nose is to be taken into consideration.

The bill at the Orpheum this week is of unusual excellence. Lockwood and Bryson, two Los Angeles girls, score a very decided and deserved hit. Hazel Bryson whistled her way into the hearts of the audience, and when she came on later dressed as a little Dutch boy it made us all want to go straight to Holland. Kennedy and Rooney were really very funny in their skit—something all vaudevillians do not achieve. Little Miss Kennedy has a dainty trick of dancing, and the eccentricities of her partner are entertaining. A wonderfully clean and clever performance is given by Salerno, the juggler. His work Monday night was perfect, not a single slip marring its effect. The one drawback to the tableaux vivants is the length of time which the pictures are held. Our sympathy for the posers well-nigh destroys the appreciation of the pictures. William Tompkin's nonsense was decidedly nonsensical, but it kept the house in an uproar. The holdovers were well worth seeing twice, and the motion pictures, with rare exception, are always good.

Crusty Gips to Theatre Goers.

Mason—The Mason will have a good drawing card next week in "The Great Divide."



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LAST TIME SUNDAY OF

"The Girl and the Judge"

BEGINNING MONDAY

Double Bill of

"The Private Secretary"

AND

"The First Born"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

This play of Western life was hailed by many critics as the "Great American Drama," and as played by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller had an exceptionally long run in New York. Miss Anglin will not be seen here, but Mr. Miller will play his original creation of Stephen Ghent.

Belasco—A double bill promises attractions at the Belasco this week. "The Private Secretary," with Joseph Galbraith disporting himself as leading man; and Francis Powers' little tragedy of Chinese life, "The First Born," with Lewis Stone returning in the part created by Powers, will oc-

cupy the stage. Dot Bernard will have a good opportunity as the little slave girl.

Burbank—The Burbank company returns to serious drama this week, and will present Minnie Maddern Fiske's great success, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Fischer's—"Bill and Gus," another of Richard Cummings' comedies, on the farce order, will be the bill at Fischer's for next week. The title roles, assumed by the author and Willis West, are two rare old cronies who have separated for years, and who meet accidentally at the opening of the play.

Both need ready money, and the confidence game which finds it for them, forms the main plot incident. The love tale of Evan Baldwin and his betrothal by his father to a girl he's never seen is another incident. Of course, everything works out as it should. Miss Bessie Tannehill will sing "I Need The Morning Air," a sequel to "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," which she sang so successfully a few weeks since. "Queen of the Beach" is the title of Miss Nellie Montgomery's song, while Evan Baldwin will offer another solo, "I'd Like to Lock You in My Heart." Herb Bell in an Irish monologue specialty, opens the bill.

In the Musical World

From the variety and excellence of the musical attractions that are coming along with unusual frequency, one would imagine that the musical season is just at its height instead of about closing. In the recent past Campanari has sprung at a bound into prominence as a leader; Mr. Poulin's chorus has given an extremely satisfactory rendition of Gade's "The Crusaders"; Ellen Beach Yaw's concert was attended by thousands; and the first Becker recital very properly drew a fine house.

It is doubtful if any city in America possesses a more talented and altogether charming musical couple than Thilo Becker and Mrs. Otie Chew Becker. That this is true the attendance at the first recital is ample proof.

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L. E. Behymer is going East with the Philharmonic Quintette, which consists of Louise Nixon Hill, mezzo soprano; Nuncie Sabini Bittman, contralto; Enid Lynn Behymer, whistler; May Orcutt, accompanist and Elsie Olive Behymer, monologist. On the way East the quintette will give several entertainments at the various Santa Fe reading rooms. The program follows:

(a) The Girls of Seville (Denza); (b) When Love Abides (Clough-Leigher)—Nuncie Sabini Bittman.

(a) Creole Love Song (Edgar B. Smith); (b) May Day (Walthew)—Louise Nixon Hill, in costume.

Monologue, "The New Baby" (May Isabel Fisk)—Elsie Behymer.

Whistling Solo, "Spring Song" (Mendelssohn)—Enid Behymer.

Trio "Serenade" (Gounod)—Louise Nixon Hill, Enid Behymer, Nuncie Sabini Bittman.

King Duncan's Daughters (Frances Allitsen)—Nuncie Sabini Bittman.

Reading, "The Two Home Comings (Anon)—Elsie Behymer.

(a) Carissima (Penn); (b) The Fairy Love Song (Willeby)—Louise Nixon Hill, in costume.

Whistling Solo, "Invitation Waltz" (Anita Owen)—Enid Behymer.

Duet Carmen (H. Lane Wilson)—Louise Nixon Hill, Nuncie Sabini Bittman.

Miss Kathleen Lockhart, a young girl of sixteen, who has been a piano pupil of Miss Elizabeth Jordan for the past three years, and who has also taken vocal lessons from Miss Blanche Ruby, appeared in recital at the Ebell club house Tuesday evening. Her piano selections included the works of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Liszt, Schumann and Raff; and among her vocal numbers were a group of French songs and three of her own compositions. Miss Lockhart leaves for Europe in August to continue her musical work.

Program of Tent City Band Concert at Simpson's, Tuesday, 16th.

Grand Fantasia from "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini).

Fluegel Horn Solo, "Samson and Delilah" (Saint Saens).

(a) Searf Dance from "Ballet Callirhoe;" (b) "La Lisonjra" (Chaminade).

Suite, "Looking Upward;" (1) By the Light of the Polar Star; (2) Beneath the Southern Cross; (3) Mars and Venus (Sousa).

Grand selection "La Boheme" (Puccini).

Divertissement for Contra Bass Solo (Limanda).

Overture, "Le Songe D'Une Nuit D'Ete" (Thomas).

"Rondo Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn).

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Much appreciation has been shown the Du Mond exhibit of paintings in the Blanchard Galleries by the attendance which has surpassed the most sanguine anticipation, showing that Los Angeles is becoming more and more appreciative of the Arts. The paintings have been much admired, by those who understand, for their strength, power, and technical qualities. Some few complained of their size and subject; on conversing with them and asking for their objections, it was found that they came with the idea of seeing something suitable for a ladies' reception room; perhaps a dainty sort of Watteau piece; but to be faced with a very large canvas showing a rhinoceros battling to the death with two tigers would, of course, startle one to some extent who had any such ideas. A few others called them only decorative pieces. It is strange that any in-

ter person would speak of fine decorative or mural work in a sneering tone. It takes a man of tremendous power, knowledge and understanding to execute mural or decorative work. He is confronted with

so many more difficulties, and it requires so much more knowledge and experience, that by even already great men in the profession it has been found too much. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Giotto, Carracci, Luini, Leonardo Da Vinci, Peruzzi, Battista, Pinturecchio, Perugino and Rubens, all powerful men of the Renaissance period, and the more modern men down to our day such as Prudhon, Flandrin, Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, Leighton, Burne Jones, Moore, Picard, Walton, Stanton, Hughes, Walter Crane, William Morris, Vedder Sargent, Abbey, Frank Brangwyn and a host of others were all decorators in the strictest sense of the word, who not only worked with the figure but thoroughly understood the history of conventional ornament, which takes years of study. The Renaissance men were masters of this branch, as it was so incorporated with their work that it formed part and parcel of it. As an example of the enormous difficulty an artist is confronted with in decorative work we may quote John S. Sargent, who for years has had a commission for the Boston Public

Library, but after putting up his first painting, which is masterful and superb, he became discouraged when he saw Abbey's work for the same building; and he has been asked many times when he would complete the rest of the series and said, perhaps never, or at all events, not until he could do as well as Abbey. Is there anyone that can be found so miserably foolish as to sneer at Abbey's decorations? We think not. Then why attempt to decry anyone's strong masterful work solely because it leans towards the decorative. The subject chosen by the artist is another question; it may be pleasing to some and not to others; again the subject may be historical, as Du Mond's Rhinoceros and Tigers; this gives us the Arena of the East Indies, for it was seen and painted in Bombay, India, and is a record of what is being enacted in that part of the world, and from this point of view means much. We should not approach any man's work with a narrow view, or a want of understanding of what we behold.

The birth of the Fine Arts League may be looked upon as a great blessing to instruct

the unknowing and give them a better understanding of how to approach the diverse works of art. An artist, to be a decorator, must be a well educated man; he must know how to reach his subject, how to obtain and be very familiar with all its mass of historical details; this, at times, takes tremendous research, but all would be a blank without a scholarly point to start from.

We will quote from Baldry's superb treatise on mural decoration: "There is hardly any form of art expression which does not lend itself more or less completely to the purposes of mural decoration. If the history of art through a long succession of centuries is studied it will be found that to the ornamentation of surface, and to the adornment of buildings within and without, artists of all types have devoted consistently the best of their capacities and the largest part of their energies. The most ingenious adaptations of technical devices, the most careful applications of artistic knowledge have been employed from time immemorial to produce results that would be, at the same time, effective and permanent. Mural decoration—using the term in its widest sense—can be said to have always claimed the services of the greatest craftsmen, and it is associated with nearly all the most striking displays of aesthetic activity. In most countries, and at most periods, it has encouraged the noblest developments of thought and practice, and it is responsible for the majority of the splendid undertakings by which the progress of Art in the civilized world has been punctuated.

"Now, there is at the disposal of the decorator practically every device which exists for putting imaginings into a visible and tangible shape. If he wishes to paint, he can work in fresco, in tempera, or in oils;

he can translate his designs into a mosaic or carry them out in some ceramic material; he can carve them in stone, or model them in clay; he can work in metals, plaster, wood; and he can combine various substances so as to produce an ingenious harmony of textures or a pleasant contrast of surfaces. There are no serious disabilities to hamper him in the expression of his ideas, for every medium is legitimate if it will help him to results that are in accordance with correct taste. He may aim at effects which would be by no means permissible in pictorial production, and, without transgressing the true laws of Art, he can launch out into fields of accomplishment which are closed to the ordinary artist.

"All that is required of him is a proper knowledge of the crafts, which play a leading part in decorative work—that he has the necessary endowment of sound capacity is pre-supposed. Unless he understands the management of his technical resources, and is trained to appreciate the difference between the right and the wrong way of using his materials, he cannot hope to make a real success in his profession. To design intelligently he must know how the medium in which he proposes to realize his intentions will serve him, and he must be practically acquainted with its advantages and limitations. Abstract theories about artistic expression are no good unless they have been tested by actual experience, and the impracticable dreams sifted out from the ideas which are capable of expansion; they would only lead him into blind alleys of imagination and would bring him to a dead wall of impossibility.

"But when once he has learned the mechanism of his work he is never likely to be checked by the feeling that he must limit his ambitions because they outrun the means at his disposal. What he cannot attempt in one medium is perfectly possible in another, and the more closely he studies the particular properties of them all, the more immediate will be his recognition of the chances which each one affords. Out of this knowledge, indeed, come that admirable ease of manner which marks the true master of his craft, and the atmosphere of fitness which gives to all Art work its best and most attractive quality.

"Among the many methods of decorating surfaces the one which claims foremost consideration is mural painting—the application of pictorial designs to the adornment of walls and ceilings. It is the most attractive and the most credible of all artistic devices, and it makes the greatest demand upon the skill of the executant. The best of this class requires of the men who would produce it, a particular thoroughness in draughtsmanship and composition, a special understanding of the relation between lines and masses, a true feeling for arranging and harmonizing color, and an exceptional largeness of style. It must be treated without any hint of pettiness or frivolity, and yet it must avoid emptiness. Above all, it must be in right relation to its surroundings, and must fit properly with the architectural scheme of the building into which it is introduced."

Ralph Mocine will follow up Du Mond in the Blanchard Galleries by an exhibition of his work, opening June 25th.

The Kanst Art Gallery is exhibiting a

copy of the famous painting by Jean Francois Millet, "The Gleaners." This was one of the paintings that created a great furor in Art circles of Paris when it was first exhibited in the Salon. It has now gone beyond the reach of anyone being able to purchase it, as the French Government would not part with it at any price whatever. Miss Duvall's copy is wonderfully good, from the point of drawing, color and all its charming subtle qualities, which have evidently been thoroughly absorbed and understood by this clever artist. The only wonder is that this canvas has not been purchased in France whilst Miss Duvall was working on it. It will be a great prize for someone. At the same gallery there are to be seen some charming small landscapes by Granville Redmond. They are little gems and have been painted with the idea of their suitability for gifts. In two weeks this gallery intends to make a special exhibit of the late Mr. Harris' work; an Eastern artist, who gained quite a reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kanst have announced a Society Sale of paintings, which will be held at their home, 432 Westlake avenue, on Thursday, June 18th. An exhibition of these works will be held there Sunday, June 14th. It is for the benefit of the artists whose pictures are being shown at their home. Mr. and Mrs. Kanst have had several such exhibitions through the winter months that have proved very successful.

At Steckel's gallery there has been an addition to the permanent exhibit of some pictures by W. H. Rich and also two by Harry Lewis Bailey, both of them of horses; one called "The Watering Trough," in oil, is an exceptionally fine piece of work, splendid in drawing, action and composition and a beautiful piece of color. The other is a water color and whilst an excellent piece of work, yet shows the artist is happier in the understanding and manipulation of oil than water color medium.

The pictures in this gallery will be frequently changed and only the best shown of any artist's work.

It is with great pleasure that the Art world of the East anticipates a visit from Edwin A. Abbey, who will be present at the installation of his superb mural decorations for the dome of the Harrisburg Capitol. These paintings will be of intense interest from many points of view. First the great height which they will be from the spectator, and secondly their being on a double curved surface. These two facts are enough to strain and exert a man's power and knowledge to the utmost to adjust his work to such very difficult conditions, outside of all necessary knowledge of the history of his subject and his needed power and practice as a craftsman. Mr. Abbey is a very clever business man, as his contract with the Commission of the Harrisburg Capitol showed and which he drew up himself in England. The writer was intimately acquainted with all the details at the time and had the privilege of reading the contract before it was signed by the Commission. Mr. Abbey very wisely insisted on dealing direct with the Commission, thus avoiding the terrible experience that most have had with the grafting architect and the numerous politicians who have swindled the people of Pennsylvania out of millions of dollars.

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Mr. Abbey, Miss Oakley and Mr. Van Ingen are perhaps the only ones who escaped their machinations. George Brainard, the sculptor, was one of the great sufferers. Everyone should have their share of credit for what they do or the part they play in the final result of any work. Mr. Van Ingen, the well known mural painter, should have credit for the work he did in collecting all the necessary data and making preliminary historical sketches of Pennsylvania history to send over to Mr. Abbey; he was engaged to do this as Abbey found it impossible to do this himself for want of time. This part means much in an important undertaking of

this sort and consumes an enormous amount of time for correct research. The paintings are all historical of Pennsylvania. Mr. Abbey is one of the greatest living mural painters of today, and is one of the most genial and charming gentlemen to meet. He recounted to the writer some twenty years ago his experience at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he first studied. They found him so poor in draughtsmanship that he was practically invited to leave as an impossible quantity; he then went to New York and after some time obtained an introduction to Harper's, where he made an impression and finally obtained

the commission for those wonderful Shakespearean drawings that were published in Harper's Monthly some twenty-five years ago. This was the making of this artist; from that moment he forged ahead with rapid strides. He has a large family and is blest with one of the best and most suitable women, as wife and perfect companion; one who has assisted him greatly to his monumental greatness, taking off his shoulders all that might annoy, worry and take his time in the social or business world. To those who can visit the Harrisburg Capitol during an Eastern trip, Abbey's work will give great pleasure.

Autos and Autoists

BY JACK DENSHAM

There is a matter for very grave consideration that has thrust itself upon us, and that is the extraordinary move of the Cadillac Company. I presume that you saw the advertisement in the sporting page of the "Examiner" last Sunday. If you did not, I will tell you about it. There was a full-page glaring announcement that "everybody could buy a big car for \$1,400." It went on to say that the Cadillac Company had discovered how to reduce the cost of manufacture to such an extent that they could hand out the real goods in four-cylinder cars that would compete with anything up to \$6,000 for \$1,400. The Cadillac press-agent, who insists on addressing me as "Jack Dersham," sent a printed story taken from the "Detroit Free Press," of May 31. Now the press-agent or his employers must have an almighty stand-in with that paper, for the story is a case of the most blatant press-agent hot-air I ever want to see. But whether or no the publicity department can say what it likes in the news columns of the misguided Detroit paper, has nothing to do with the case. The question is: "Have the Cadillac people made terrible fools of themselves, or have they made a grand stride over the swift stream of immature factory methods and landed in the Elysian fields of triumph and tumultuous templates?" To a great extent I incline to the latter belief, although I have my doubts about the tumultuous templates. American manufacturers are not given to the correct use of templates. Their foremen are permitted to stroll in the dream-made meadows of personal improvement, and this way leads far from the main road and on to the dismal precincts of Doubting Castle.

Let me explain the situation as I see it, and then ask you to follow me in different views of the possibilities of the case and—make your own decision. The Cadillac people have, in the first place, made a name for themselves as most consistent American automobile manufacturers. Not a man who knows anything about autos but must confess that the little Cadillac one-lunger is a wonder. They have followed the same principle of comparative consistency in the building of the larger cars so that, by the side of the averaged "hurry up, boys, and throw the d—n thing together" policy of the American auto manufacturers, the Cadillac has always stood out as a model of durability and power. This proves, then, that, amidst a bunch of metal maimers calling

themselves manufacturers and foisting their ill-begotten and un-churched productions on a long-suffering public, the Cadillac people have made, at least, an excellent bluff at care and consistency in the making of their cars. For this reason we must listen to their story and hear what they intend doing.

Here is their story as published by the Cadillac press-agent, a man for whom I would have a much greater respect if he would spell my name right:

"For about a year close students of the situation have been impressed with the idea that the automobile industry was on the verge of a mighty change which would upset all previously accepted standards. Manufacturers have always felt vaguely that the business was in a transitional state; and that the motor car was eventually bound to become a vehicle of universal use. To a certain extent, therefore, the initiated few were prepared to hear sooner or later that the problem of a big powerful car at a little price had been solved—but the announcement made yesterday from the Cadillac plants at Detroit, Mich., came nevertheless like a bolt out of the blue. Some idea of the revolutionary character of the Cadillac plans can be gleaned from the statement of the General Manager, H. M. Leland, when he was asked to convey in the fewest possible words a clear notion of the kind of car it is proposed to market at \$1,400. 'I was asked the same question early in the week,' said Mr. Leland, 'by an Eastern agent to whom we had given advance confidential information. I replied that it would be a car so big, so powerful, so smooth, so silent and so perfect in its standardization that we would gladly allow any other advocate of any other car of the highest price up to \$6,000 to ride blindfolded in the new Cadillac and subject it to any and every known test. We will rest our chance of a sale on his judgment as to whether our car at \$1,400 does not do everything that his car at \$6,000 can do—on the straightaway, on the hills, or under any road conditions he may select.'"

Following this is a long extract from an article written by one Bolce in some Eastern magazine. The c in this man's name is pronounced after the Italian fashion. This good dago dreams of streets entirely free from marauding horses, the whole thing backed up by reams of sleepy statistics worthy of the highest flights of a Hearst or Harmsworth special writer. Incidentally it is proved quite conclusively that the elimination of horses would reduce the price of

vegetables 25 per cent and that the great White Plague would disappear forever. O happy Bolce, Oh favored dreamer. Would that I could follow you to those realms of cheerful cerebral aberration and stay for awhile among the sleep-people who do as we want them to and never present bills. What brand is it, Bolce? Is it the ordinary pipe of Chinatown, or the subtle essence that we shoot into our veins by the forearm route? Tell me, that I may steer clear of it and fly to the divine destruction of whiskey and celery bitters rather than maunder with such blitherers as yourself.

Great Morpheus, sleepy silent god,
To thee we raise our troubled cry,
And beg the solace of thy gift—
The closing of a weary eye.

Yet, Morpheus, on our knees tonight,
Not only for sweet sleep we pray;
But, when you've doped that Bolchey up,
For heaven's sake keep him away.

This last, of course, in parenthesis. So it is up to us to wonder whether the Cadillac people can make good their boast. I think they can do that, but we have many weary months to wait for the fulfillment of it. In the meantime what effect has their very premature announcement done to the business generally? The answer is that it has made a great big hole in it. The general publication of their announcement has stopped people and set them to thinking. They say, "Gee whizz, a big Cadillac for \$1,400. Why, great Scott, that's a wonder. What? A four cylinder car like that one that Pat drove round the track the other day! Hang it, that machine raised the dickens. It was hard after the Franklin all the time and I sure thought it was going to win. A car like that for \$1,400. My dear, we shall certainly wait until the autumn before we buy a car and you can have an extra month at Catalina instead." Believe me this is no exaggeration. The effect of that announcement will be felt in every large town in the country and I believe that the Cadillac agencies will feel it as much as any. People are not going to spend \$2,000 on a car when they can wait and get what the factory calls an even better car for \$1,400.

Now, what I cannot decide is whether this result is good or bad. Of one thing I am certain and that is that, if the Cadillac people make good their assertion and do come

out with a car such as they describe and at the price they name, that it will be a wonderfully good thing for the auto business in the long run. And what about the tire business, eh? If four-cylinder touring cars come down to that price, where will the two-cylinders and one-lungers be? Then we shall all have autos and—well, I think I shall go into the tire business.

Bert West was busily engaged writing on the type-writer when I went in to see him. His is the telephone or long-distance method of writing. One letter a minute and the carriage raised after every three letters. He rested from his arduous task long enough to tell me that Guy is suffering from appendicitis, for which I am sincerely sorry and that the doctors threaten him with an operation, for which I am also sincerely sorry.

The Rubber Victim.

Poor Guy has a pain, but we must not deride. He went to the Doctor, who pummeled his side.

"O Doctor, you hurt!" right loudly he cried, "Cut it out, Doc, cut it out."

The Doctor remarked with an unctuous smile,

"My boy, your inside is reeking with bile; I'll take your advice in good medical style And I will, my dear Guy, CUT IT OUT."

Bill Ruess is not the only man from auto row who has found urgent business calling him to Ventura county lately. Bob Brain has been making a trip up there, ostensibly to preach the gospel of G. and J. tires and really to find the black bass hole in the streams. I understand that a customer he left hurriedly to run away to the fishing grounds was heard lamenting in the following sad jingles:

He always was so good to me,
He gave me discounts recklessly;
Three minutes since he stood right there
But now he's vanished into air.

He spoke of fish in accents gay;
I wonder why he did not stay?
My head will ne'er be right again,
For I, alas! have lost my Brain.

Look Out! Stop, Look, Listen at Oneonta Park. For in that neighborhood are concealed two of that degenerate human species which I can only describe by the forbidden word Louse. They are motor cops. And they are motor cops of vicious determination and most illegally aggressive methods. The border line between Alhambra and South Pasadena follows the boulevard five feet from the south side of the road from Oneonta Park to Lacenta. The speed limit is eighteen miles in Alhambra and fifteen in South Pasadena. Most motorists are deceived by the sign board at the crossing over the electric car lines this side of Oneonta Park. It says, "Alhambra city limits, speed limit eighteen miles an hour." Of course everybody thinks he is in Alhambra while he is on the boulevard and this is where the bestial cops are making their ill-gotten rake-off. They hide behind a lumber pile in the front of a house that is being built. They are attired in ordinary working men's clothes and they rush out at the first sight of a car, then they follow and, though that machine is well within the eighteen mile

limit, the driver is arrested and fined rigorously. Bill Batchelder did a mighty good work last Sunday. Fifteen drivers had fallen victims to the greedy officiousness of these parasites when Bill, who lives near, got wise. A friend was staying with him and the two hiked out. One stationed himself above the hiding place about a quarter of a mile and the other the same distance below. When a car appeared it was stopped and the driver warned. Some thirty victims were thus rescued from their fate and the cops left in disgust, swearing vengeance on Bill. The latter had better look out when he returns home in the evening for things like those cops think as little of strong-arming a man and beating him up as you would of killing a fly.

Again I ask, when is this motor-cop plague going to be met with proper sanitary methods? This breed is doing far more harm to Southern California than a full-fledged small-pox scare. It is useless for me to waste words on the subject. Everybody knows what it is and what harm it has done to our fair country. A proper regulation of speed in all city limits is something that is as necessary as a police force or an emergency hospital, but how long, good people, are we to be at the mercy of these grafting ruffians? If anybody has the sense and courage to head a party to go out and rid the land of these loathsome fungi by force, I will be the first to enroll myself.

W. K. Cowan has done some good missionary work lately. I notice a bright red Rambler two-cylinder car with the sign "L. A. Gas and Electric Co. Emergency Repair Wagon" on it. I do not know how many there are and, when I went in to ask Cowan, he was busy closing a sale and so I did not hear. This is fine business; for anything that tends to prove the adaptability of the motor car for any kind of commercial work is a step in the right direction. Go to it W. K., and sell a whole lot more to other firms. May those bright red cars run merrily with never a break-down and their praises be sung over lunches at the club so that other big concerns hear of their usefulness and buy. Long Beach already has a "Rambler" chemical fire engine.

It seems that the general cycle of such

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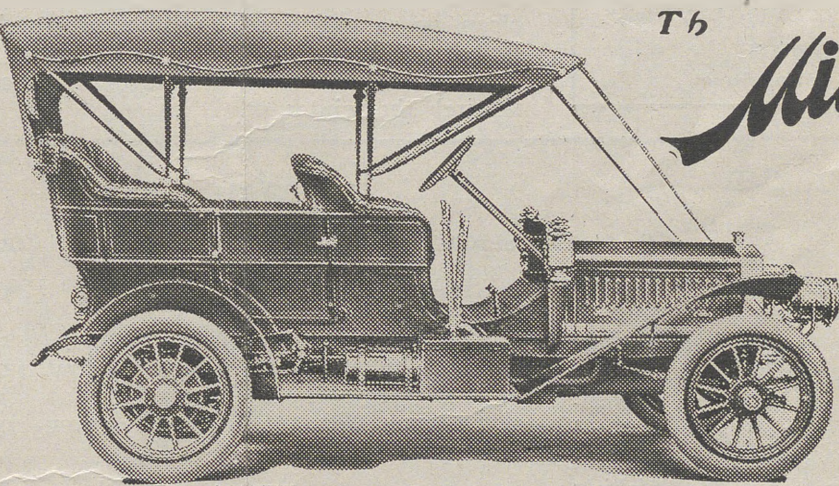
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things has brought round the bicycle racing craze again. In the East they are building tracks one after the other and Salt Lake City now has three of the latest confections in that line. The people who are interested in Seal Gardens have built a track there and I am told that it is the most up-to-date and perfect of its kind. Not having had a chance to go out and see for myself I went to see Mr. Pickering, who is the general manager of the enterprise. I found him personified courtesy with an equal amount of energy showing through. He struck me as being the kind of man who knows how to run an enterprise of this kind and, if the evidences of enthusiasm in the East and middle West are anything to go by, he will get proper patronage from Los Angeles. The first races will start after July 4th and, from then on, there will be races every Saturday and Sunday. The fare to Seal Gardens, which is on the Long Beach line, is only 15 cents the round trip and the admission is down to popular taste at 25 and 50 cents. I know little of bicycle and motorcycle racers but Mr. Pickering assures me that all the stars are coming out here. Amongst the names he mentioned even I recognized a few—Florentine, Bill Firman, Hoffman, Gunn and a score of others. The track is not circular; it is elliptical in shape. The claim for this shape of track is that the comparative straightaway enables the riders to gain a nearly perpendicular position at times and thus gain speed before the almost horizontal lean at the turns. Bicycle racing is a good clean sport and very exciting to watch. I shall not be sorry if the races bring out a large attendance and continue to do so all through the winter.

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 301 UNION TRUST BUILDING

Bank mergers are again in the air, the latest reported consolidation including a couple of trust companies and a savings bank or two. The subject has been on the tapis for some time, I am informed, and rumor says that I. W. Hellman, who arrived in Los Angeles this week, came South from San Francisco in order to put the finishing touches on the details. If the reports in circulation develop concretely, there would be rejoicing among those most affected.

I hear it reported that the First National Bank stockholders are in line for a melon cutting, in the form of an extra dividend. The stock is to be placed on a six per cent par basis, which will mean \$6 a share a year. Last sales have been at \$395 for a ten share lot.

Owens River aqueduct securities are not going as rapidly as had been hoped, and the alleged popular issue of \$200 denomination bonds are considerable of a drug on the market. The issue should have been in ten dollar bonds, for big public absorption, as is done with French rentes for instance.

Renewed efforts are to be made to amalgamate the two stock exchanges. I doubt if that can be accomplished at this time, although it is generally admitted there is no room for two boards in a community the size of Los Angeles. Seats on the Nevada exchange have sold for less than \$100, while Los Angeles Stock exchange privileges may be had for about \$1000. The latter I should

say are well worth the money. Two years ago a seat sold on that board for \$3500.

Standard local securities continue firm. Money is below seven per cent, the first time in nearly a year. The prevailing rate for short loans, however, continues seven and eight per cent.

The capital of the Bank of Los Angeles will be increased to \$300,000 at the next meeting of the stockholders. This is to provide for the merger with the Miners & Merchants Bank.

The Security Mortgage and Deposit Company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, has been incorporated by Pasadena capitalists. W. Edward Hibbard is the president, John Wadsworth, retired, and an old resident of Pasadena, is vice-president. John P. Key has resigned as cashier of the First National Bank of Corona, and will be the secretary of the corporation. The outside interest of the company will be represented by Gustav Haller. The name of Valentine Ulrich completes the directorate.

Owing to the clearing house rule requiring \$200,000 capital, the Bank of Highland Park—which has about as much use for \$200,000 capital as there is for a fifth wheel on an auto—will clear through one of the Pasadena banks.

W. H. Hubbard, former president of the

Merchants' National Bank of San Diego, has been elected vice-president of the Bank of Southern California of Los Angeles, and Dr. B. C. Smith, formerly of St. Joseph, Mo., has been made cashier.

Delegates to the annual convention of the American Institute of Banking, at Providence, R. I., July 23 to 25, have been appointed by the local chapter as follows: George S. Pickerell, National Bank of California; F. N. Thomas, Pasadena Savings Bank and Trust Company; and L. H. Cville, First National Bank of Los Angeles.

Bonds

Santa Barbara votes soon on an issue of \$200,000, the money to be used to complete the water tunnel through the Santa Ynez mountains.

Hemet votes shortly on an issue of \$25,000 school bonds.

Cahuenga school district, Los Angeles county, votes June 20 on a \$6,000 issue.

James H. Adams & Co. have bought the \$16,000 issue of the West Glendale school district, paying \$298.50 premium. The \$60,000 issue of the West Glendale high school district has been sold to N. W. Harris & Co., the premium being \$812.

Duarte School district will soon vote on an issue of \$20,000 school bonds.

San Bernardino (city) is to establish a mechanical school building and will vote \$33,000 bonds to provide the funds.

Riverside (city) school bonds to the amount of \$40,000 will be sold on June 24.

In the Literary World

The story of a beautiful woman who not only could turn men's heads but in the opinion of no less a judge of statecraft than Cardinal Mazarin was capable of governing a kingdom is set forth in two volumes called "A Princess of Intrigue," by H. Noel Williams, author of "Queen Margot," "Mme. de Pompadour," &c. (Putnams). The great lady whose stirring life is here portrayed in connection with the wars of the Fronde, in which she bore a picturesque part, was born Anne Genevieve de Bourbon and eventually became by marriage Duchess de Longueville.

We cannot undertake to follow the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville through the vicissitudes of the Fronde. For her adventures and her triumphs we must refer the reader to Mr. William's vivid narrative. She suffered many misfortunes, but the most grievous was the publication in 1662, without the author's knowledge, of the Memoires of La Rochefoucauld, who had not meant them to see the light for many years. In this book the nature of her relations with La Rochefoucauld was ruthlessly exposed; her character was mercilessly analyzed; her conduct cruelly misrepresented. It was indeed a crushing blow for Mme. de Longueville to be degraded in the eyes of her husband, of her friends and of her innocent children at a time when she was doing her utmost to make atonement by prayer, by fasting and by every kind of self-denial. From whom, moreover, did the blow come? From the man who had been the cause of her wrong-doing and who had profited the most by her frailty. Never was there an outrage more unexpected or more ~~revolting~~.

We have received from the Clarendon Press(Oxford) the third volume of a work which is destined to supersede all others on the subject (including even Napier's)—A History of the Peninsular War, by Charles Oman, Chichele professor in the University of Oxford and corresponding member of the Madrid Academy of History. The present volume carries us from September, 1809, to December, 1810, and describes the important events associated with the names of Ocaña, Cadiz, Bussaco and Torres Vedras. That is to say, this instalment of the author's comprehensive narrative stretches over the

sixteen months from Wellington's arrival at Badajoz, on his retreat from Talavera, to the deadlock in front of Santarem, which marked the end of Massena's offensive campaign in Portugal. It thus embraces the central crisis of the whole war, namely the arrival of the French in front of the lines of Torres Vedras and their first short retreat after they had realized the impossibility of forcing that impregnable barrier to their westward advance. The French retreat that began at Sobral on November 14, 1810, was to end at Toulouse on April 11, 1814. Never again were the Emperor's armies able to repeat the experiment of 1810 and to assume a general and vigorous aggressive campaign against Wellington and Portugal. Throughout 1811 they were upon the whole on the defensive, in spite of certain local and partial attempts to recover their lost initiative. In 1812 they had to abandon half of Spain, namely, Andalusia, Estremadura, Asturias, La Mancha and much more—notwithstanding Wellington's temporary check before Burgos. In 1813 the French were swept across the Pyrenees and the Bidassoa; in the following year they were fighting a losing game in their own land. Rightly, therefore, in the author's opinion, may Massena's retreat to Santarem be called the beginning of the end, though it was not until January 8, 1812, that Wellington's final offensive began with the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo.

There is, indeed, no doubt that the campaign of Bussaco and Torres Vedras formed the pivot of the Peninsular War, and Prof. Oman has here endeavored to set forth its significance in full detail, devoting special care to an explanation of Wellington's triple device for arresting the French advance—his combination of the system of devastation as he fell back with the raising of the levée en masse in Portugal and with the construction of great defensive lines in front of Lisbon. The author points out that each of these three measures would have been incomplete without the other two. The lines of Torres Vedras might not have saved Portugal and Europe from the domination of Napoleon if the invading army had not been surrounded on all sides by the light screen of irregular troops, which cut its communications and prevented it from foraging far afield. Nor would Massena have been turned back if the land through which he had advanced had been left unravaged by his opponents, and if every large village had contained food enough to subsist a brigade for a day or a battalion for a week.

An account of the preparations, the advance and retreat of Massena occupies about half of this volume. The rest of it is allotted to the operations of the French in northern, eastern and southern Spain, operations which seemed decisive at the moment, but which turned out to be mere side issues in the great contest. Soult's conquest of Andalusia and Suchet's victories in Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia only distracted the imperial generals from their central and indispensable task—the expulsion of Wellington and his army from the Peninsula.

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Statement at Close of Business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,362,046.31
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	2,505,862.78
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,127,754.51

Total\$16,995,663.60

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,539,495.77
Circulation	1,158,500.00
Bonds borrowed	100,000.00
Deposits	12,947,667.83

Total\$16,995,663.60

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand, invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank, as trustee, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on February 1, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11250, for the E.½ S.W.¼, S.E.¼ N.W.¼ and S.W.¼ N.E.¼ Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Mellus, 214 S. Bay, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick R. Miner, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.; A. W. McGahan, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication, May 30-'08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t Date of first publication May 9-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick R. Miner of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11285, made March 2, 1907, for the E.½ of the N.W.¼ and the N.E.¼ of the S.W.¼ Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 1, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. R. Shaw of Norwalk, Cal.; Geo. A. Cortelyou, of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; A. C. Connor, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication May 30-'08.

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See figures of Gas and Meter Inspector William Schade for another week, ending June 6, 1908:

	HEAT UNITS		CANDLE POWER	
	L. A. Gas	City Gas	L. A. Gas	City Gas
June 1.....	632	623	19.0	18.7
June 2.....	640	628	19.2	18.8
June 3.....	630	630	18.9	18.9
June 4.....	659	619	19.8	18.6
June 5.....	651	630	19.5	18.9
June 6.....	630	622	18.9	18.0
Daily				
Average	640.3	622	19.2	18.6

The above tests were not made by an employee of our company, but are the official tests of the Gas and Meter Inspector of the City of Los Angeles.

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Omaha	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
New Orleans	67.50	Baltimore	107.50
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St. Paul	73.50	Montreal	108.50
Minneapolis	73.50	Toronto	94.40
Memphis	67.50	Houston	60.00

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